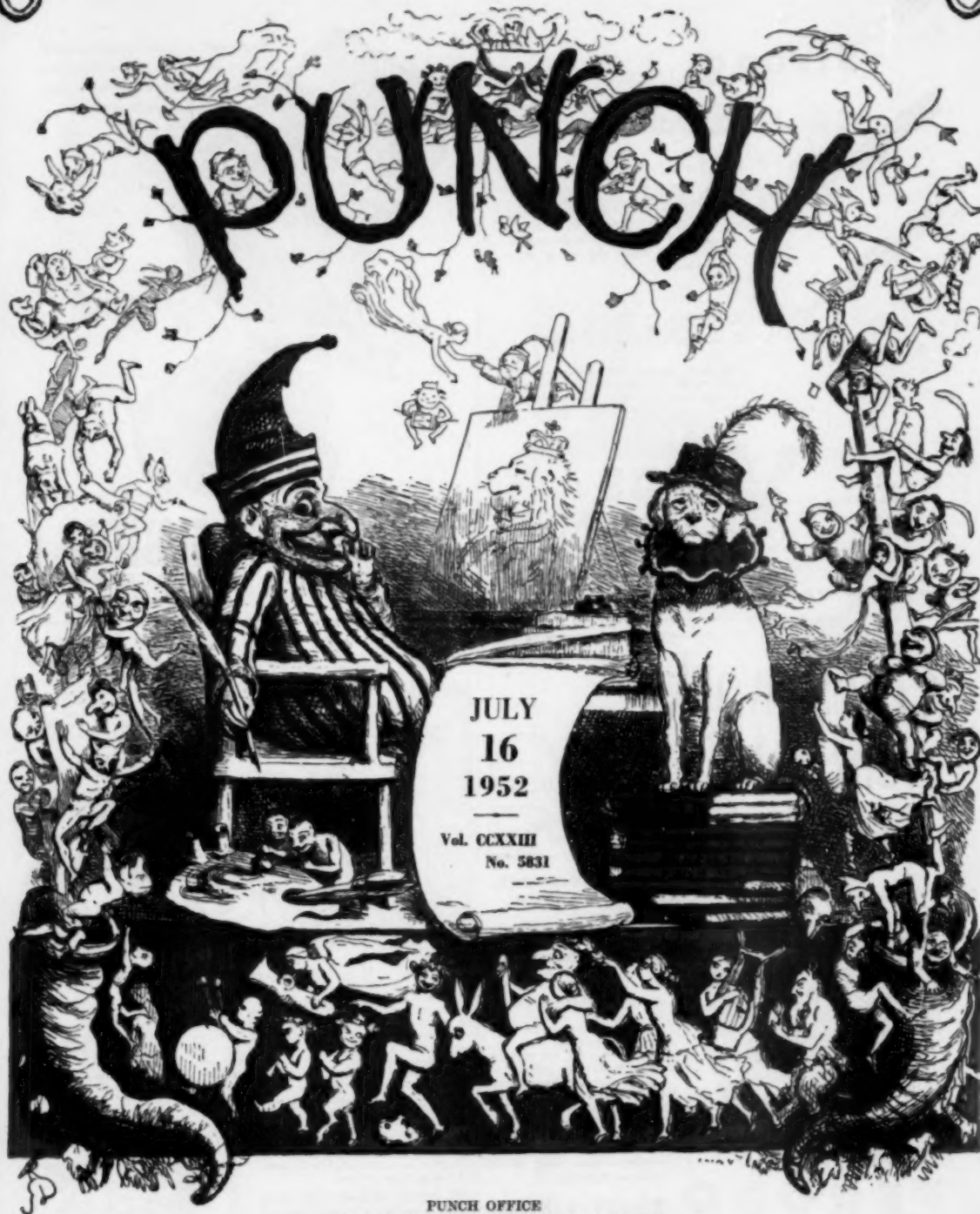


6^d

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARTER—WEDNESDAY, JULY 16 1952

6^d

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(NET WT 750G)

Did you know

a riderless horse can win a race?



In the Palio races at Siena in Italy a riderless horse can win on its own. On one occasion a lady spectator overlooking a dangerous turn, leaned over and pulled a jockey off his horse by the hair; despite this the horse went on alone and won the race!

The toughest race on earth

These races are probably the toughest in the world. Run since 1609 for the possession of a sacred banner called the Palio, they cause bitter rivalry between the various districts who enter riders. Assaults, fighting and the bribery of grooms and jockeys are a normal occurrence. Envoies are drawn and men may die on Palio day. The course usually takes only 1 minute, 10 seconds. The barebacked

jockeys circle the piazza three times, using their whips as deadly weapons, viciously laying into all the other riders and horses within range. It is unusual for more than three or four jockeys to finish the race. When the winner pulls up, friends, enemies and carabinieri rush on to the crowd and chaos reigns supreme. Afterwards there is a thanksgiving service, a feast for the winner and a grand parade of the horses. Then and only then does peace return to Siena.

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AMONG the problems that oilwell drillers have to
solve are the cooling of their drill (which may be
three miles or more below ground, at the bottom
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cuts away. The surprising answer to these prob-
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It is special mud, of course — a thick and some-
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much as milk. It is pumped continuously down
the slender, jointed steel tube that drives the drill;
it flows through the drill itself, fills the hole outside
the tube, and so flows back to the surface, carrying
the drill-cuttings with it. The returned mud is
sieved, to remove the cuttings, and used again.
But if the earth round the hole is porous, as it
usually is, the mud may lose so much water by
seepage that its circulation cannot be maintained.

Starch for sealing a porous surface

A common way out of this difficulty is to add to
the mud some substance that will blanket the
porous surfaces of the hole with a more or less
waterproof coating. A substance that is widely
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common starch. The effect of the starch is to bind
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The provision of starch in large quantities for the
use of oilwell drillers is one example of the kind of
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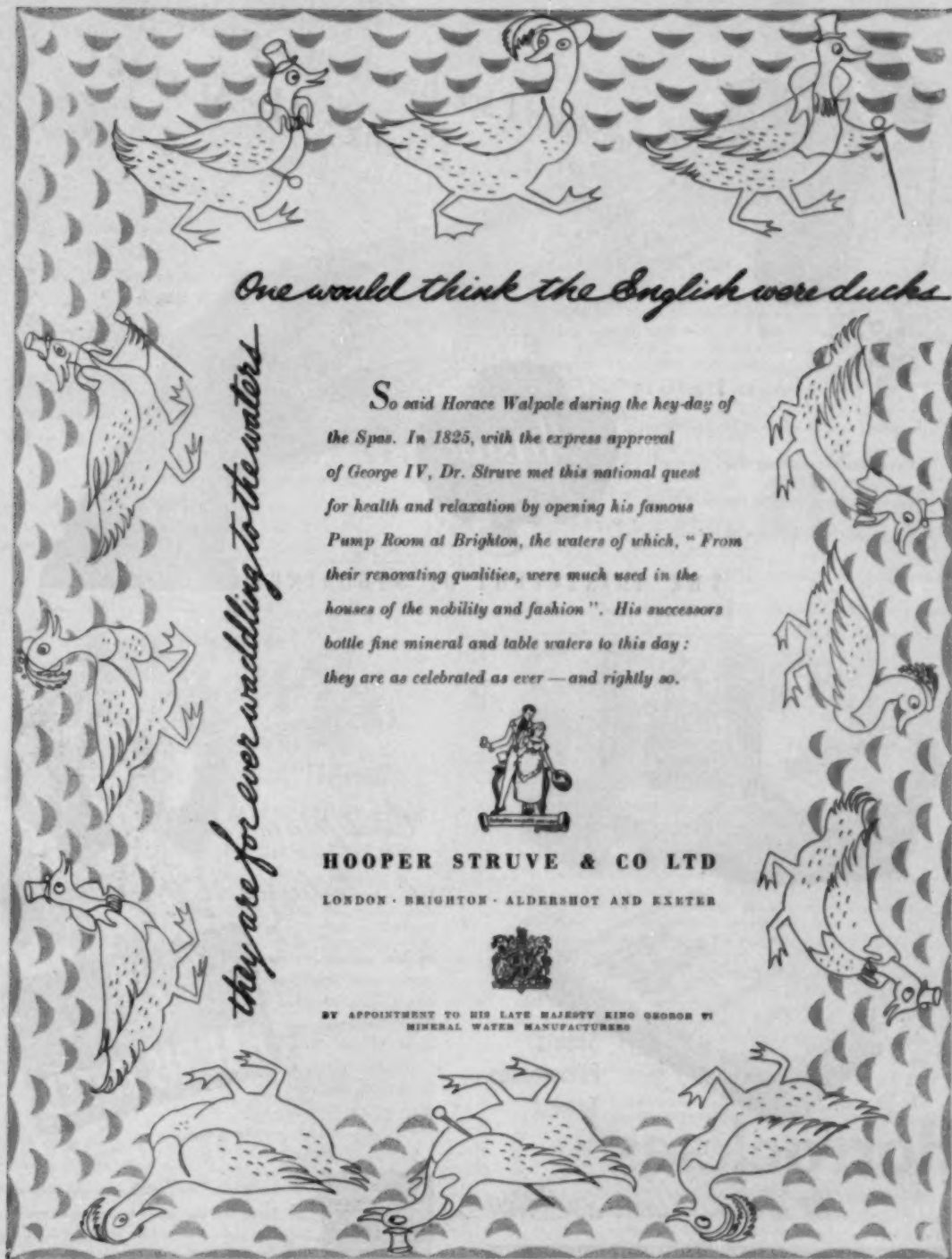
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MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURERS

they are for ever waddling to the waters





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I think: Ah-Aristoc!

Aristoc has a hand in all
the finest stockings. Not surprising—
Aristoc makes nothing else! As well
as *Aristoc nylons* there is the delightful
Dimsheen—pure silk crêpe . . .



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There's an almost wave-like springiness about BMK carpets — and those Scotch Blackfaced sheep know why! It's their springy wool, blended with other fine strains, that puts the bounce into BMK carpets. It's woven into attractive designs, on modern looms, with all the craftsmanship of old Kilmarnock. What a perfect way to cover your floors — and when you find that BMK label you'll know that you've found the best. For value — well, you can't beat a BMK!

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BLACKWOOD MORTON KILMARNOCK

**2 ways to a
WARMER WINTER!**



To warm your home or office comfortably from Autumn onwards is going to be a problem for two reasons.

Fuel supplies and every other kind of heating will be both scarce and dear. But sadder still will be the inevitable loss of much of the warmth you do obtain — thrown away and wasted long before you can make full use of it.

Why should this happen? Simply because heat can escape from a building in various ways almost as quickly as it is created. The two main routes are **through draughty doors and windows** and, because warm air always rises — **through the roof!**

What a needless waste of precious heat and fuel! How can it be prevented?

DRAUGHT-EXCLUSION by **HERMESEAL** will drastically reduce the heavy loss through badly fitting doors and windows; efficient **ROOF-INSULATION** by **HERMESEAL** will contain the warmth so saved. Together they will conserve so much more heat from present fuel supplies and make your home a better place to live in.

Two new ways to a warmer Winter — Yes! but call us in not later on but now, before the colder weather comes again.

Our area salesmen is at your service

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The Policy for Children

An investment of £12 a year, begun before a child is two months old, provides

At age 18: £92 p.a. for three years, or

At age 21: £323 in cash, or a life policy for £1,044 or

At age 25: £399 in cash, or a life policy for £1,086

Write for details for a child of any age up to 16

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Quiet moment

The lasting pleasure derived from the simple habit of the pipe is ensured with CHAIRMAN. Time may dawdle as it wishes with this fine old tobacco. When life is easy it brings still greater pleasure and to the quiet moment adds a new and deep contentment.

Chairman Tobacco

2 OZ. 4/4 1 OZ. PACKETS
VACUUM TINS PER OZ.

Three strengths: Chairman medium; Boardman's mild; Recorder full. If any difficulty in obtaining, write to Chairman Sales Office, 34 Holborn, London, E.C.1

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Lady Executive... Overnight!



so slim...



so accommodating...



so handsome

Money-back Guarantee of complete satisfaction.

Immediate despatch. Obtainable only direct from the makers

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DOWCESTER CREAM

The Sherry Superb

SOLE IMPORTERS: GALE LISTER & CO. LTD., LEEDS 2

HOLIDAYS!

Think of the old folk, the gentlewomen in distress, the poor hard-working mothers and their children who have no hope of a rest and change from overcrowded conditions.

Your Gift for The Church Army Fresh Air Homes will be gratefully received by The Rev. E. Wilson Cartile, Chief Secretary, The Church Army, 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

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FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

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HOMES, SCHOOLS, SHOPS
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If you have not seen the ALLEN at work you will find it difficult to credit the speed and ease with which it clears grass and scrub over the most difficult country.



Numerous attachments make the ALLEN available for a wide range of tasks. Please write for folder.



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The inherited skill and precision of ten generations of Swiss craftsmen are embodied in the fine Swiss watch. These age-old traditions, faithfully transmitted, ceaselessly developed, are being passed on to the new generation of today—to the skilled watch craftsmen of tomorrow. This is the march of time, which has made the Swiss jewelled-lever watch renowned all over the world.

The experts who make these fine Swiss watches know that only experts should sell them. That is why they urge you to buy only from your jeweller.

Only at the jeweller's can you be sure of getting a watch in its original perfect condition. Only at the jeweller's can you be sure of expert servicing, efficient repair. Only the jeweller can show you how to distinguish between good watches and others.

If you choose a good Swiss jewelled-lever watch, and choose it at your jewellers, you will get the best of time. Your watch will combine the tradition of the past with the science of the present, to give you faithful service in the future.



Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

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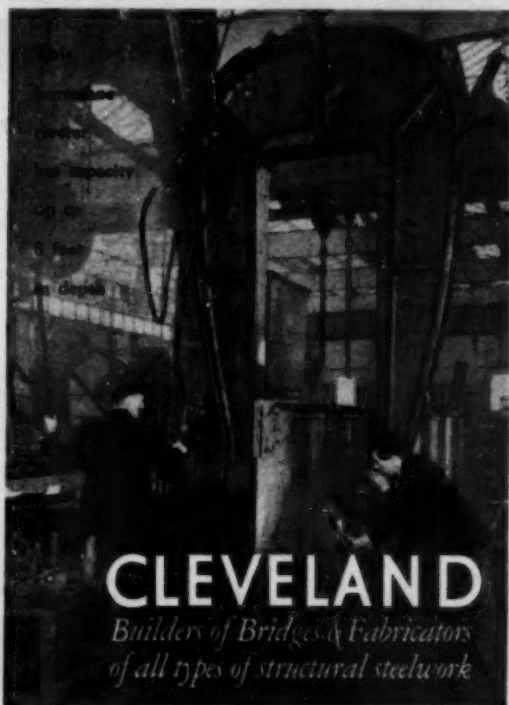


WEST GATE

Supreme **PIPES**

The "West Gate" Supreme is a pipe with unusual characteristics. The carbonised bowl avoids the usual "breaking-in" process; the colour, quality and shape will certainly appeal to you—and so will the price for the "West Gate" Supreme is still only 12/6.

THE ROBERT SINCLAIR TOBACCO COMPANY LTD., WESTGATE RD., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1

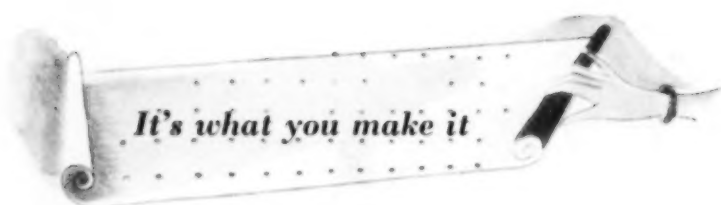


CLEVELAND

*Builders of Bridges & Fabricators
of all types of structural steelwork*



*Ma-supials have a pouch, or bin
To stow their little treasures in.
Not strange if Mrs. Kangaroo
Should poppa Guinness in it, too!*



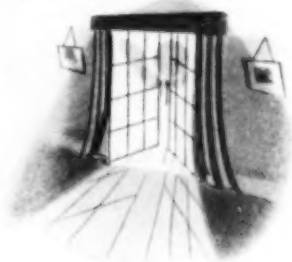
It's what you make it

*A room with a plain white ceiling bounded by a cornice,
four walls alike, armchairs and settee from the same litter, pictures symmetrical,
just above eye-height. Very nice, no doubt. . .*

At Sanderson, of Berners Street, they will ask about

the shape of a room, its lighting, its aspect.

*And if it is high, may suggest a ceiling
papered in colour,*



*or if it is long, a different paper for
one wall only, or if it is dark . . .*

*It's remarkable how much you can do
for a room with wallpapers alone.*

But then Sanderson papers are not alone.

*You choose them in company with
the loveliest (and most exclusive) of Europe's woven and printed materials.*



You see Fabrics and Wallpapers together at

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Where Quality always comes first . . .

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There is an unmistakable air of quality about every model in the magnificent Phillips range of Sports, Light Tourist, Roadster, Juvenile and Junior Bicycles. Distinguished by stylish designs, smooth-running action, and exclusive finishes, they are a positive pleasure to own and to ride.

60 years' specialized craftsmanship have made PHILLIPS The World's most MODERN Bicycles.

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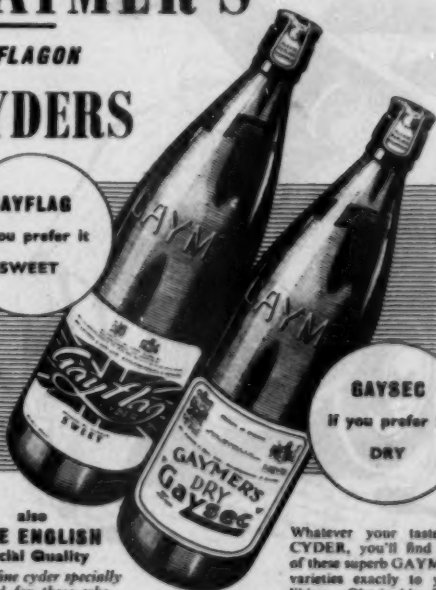
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a truly fine cyder specially
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OF SUNDERLAND

versatility in glass

Glass was first made in the Sunderland district over a thousand years ago. Today, and for some generations, the works of James A. Jobling & Co. Ltd. have been producing an ever increasing range of articles and instruments from a variety of glasses including the famous 'Pyrex' brand, the original heat resisting glass in the world



FOR COOKING

—a skillet made of 'Pyrex' Flame-ware—a newly introduced glass that can actually be used over a naked flame

FOR INDUSTRY

—a 'Pyrex' Brand glass impeller for a centrifugal pump. This impeller, which revolves at approximately 3,000 revolutions a minute, is an example of a pressed moulded article ground to precision limits



FOR BACTERIOLOGISTS

—Joblings Sintered Glass Filters made entirely from 'Pyrex'. The filter disc has a pore size of approximately one micron—1,000th of a millimetre—and will retain bacteria

AND FOR THE HOME—THE GENUINE
original oven-to-table glass



JAMES A. JOBLING & CO. LTD. WEAR GLASS WORKS SUNDERLAND



look in before the holidays

whenever and wherever you're going this year, look in first at your local garage with the SHELL and BP sign. Have a quick check-over for oil, tyres, brakes, petrol: make sure there's nothing faulty; nothing which will let you down and spoil your holiday.

If you haven't already done so, change NOW to SHELL X-100 Motor Oil—the great new oil that fights Acid Action, main cause of engine wear. With Shell X-100 Motor Oil, your engine is *constantly* protected against wear caused by harmful combustion acids. Shell X-100 Motor Oil improves engine performance and prolongs the life of your car.



you have good neighbours under the **SHELL and BP** *sign*



C*H*A*R*I*V*A*R*I*A

"THIS is a reminder that our offices will close down on July 7 and will reopen on July 21. Please make a note on your calendar not to write to us or send us any repairs immediately before or during this period."—*A manufacturer's publicity pamphlet, page 5.*

"A customer is the most important person ever in this office, in person, by mail, or by telephone."—*Same pamphlet, page 16.*

prematurely optimistic, however; the possibility must not be lost sight of that a reduced output could have exactly the opposite effect.

3 3

From a column of short news items:

"Policemen in rural districts who have to cycle a great deal while on duty are to receive 3s. a week allowance for their machines.

Lady Godiva will ride again during Sandhurst Carnival week, in July."

How much will *she* get?

3 3

Towards Better Anglo-U.S. Understanding

"Rookie Eddie Yuhas received credit for his second relief pitching victory in as many days as the Cardinals came from behind to beat the Pirates 4-3 in Pittsburgh. Stan Musial blasted a triple to run his consecutive hitting streak to twenty-four games. Murry Dickson, who shut out the Cards for six innings was charged with his eleventh loss against five triumphs. Andy Seminick's single off the left-field fence with two out brought the deciding run."

Baseball, in The New York Times

"Lawson edged Bother just short of slip and survived an appeal for leg-before. He chose to try to sweep Laker to leg before he had got used to his flight, and was leg-before. Halliday put on a good show of resistance before edging a ball which turned sharply to give Surridge a slip catch. Watson was caught by McIntyre off Surridge, who was trying himself as a change. Then he made Yardley spar at one rising ball and had him caught at the wicket."

Cricket, in The Sunday Times

3 3

In a speech on the cheese shortage Mr. Thomas Peacock, chairman of the Milk Marketing Board, is reported to have declared that "a bigger summer output of milk would enable more milk to be sent to the manufacturers." Consumers should not be

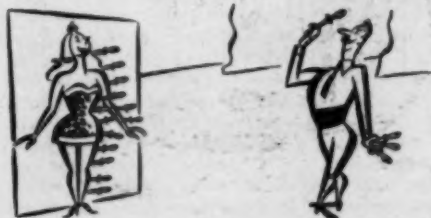
After the loud and fantastic claims made in advance for the liner *United States* it comes as something of a disappointment to find them all true.

3 3

Readers of the *Daily Mirror*, invited to proffer theories on the whereabouts of the missing mail-bag money, suggest its possible concealment in box divans, bicycle frames, haystacks, caves, golf-course bunkers, water tanks, padlocked dustbins or newly-dug graves. We shall confine our search to the bunkers.

3 3

The twenty-fourth annual report of the British Travel and Holidays Association contains a photograph of a New York street with one of London's No. 11



D



WOLF.

buses in the foreground, its indicator-blind reading "Buckingham Palace Road, Westminster Abbey, Whitehall, Charing Cross, Strand, Fleet Street, St. Paul's, Bank, Liverpool Street." Londoners waiting for a No. 11 bus at any of these points will be interested to learn where it has got to.

The evening paper which recently published a news item under the headline "Flat Intruder Chased in Streets" is to be congratulated on avoiding the usual reference to the Thin Man.

Of Miss Katharine Hepburn's performance in *The Millionairess* a critic writes: "She walked on her toes,

looking as if she might at any moment take off in flight; indeed, if she had floated up into the air and hung head downwards from a chandelier I should have been only mildly surprised." So that's this year's Peter Pan settled.

From one of a weekly series of holiday travel articles:

"The food here can be magnificent; fine river fish, delicious lamb, ravioli, cream, wonderful fruit, splendid cheeses—how good it is to sit eating in the open air, in the golden, crisply biting mountain sun, overlooking snowcapped peaks and red-tinged rocks and valleys swept with great masses of Alpine flowers; a freshly-grilled trout, glistening rich with butter, tastes its best when eaten to the sound of fast-rushing water. This is a pleasure which the Dolomites offer in full measure, together with wonderful walking, climbing, fishing and sunbaking. I shall hope, in another article, to go into the subject more fully."

Even if it hangs you up there for another week!



CARNIVAL COMMITTEE

THE chairman rapped on the table for silence.

"As we cannot agree about the shape of the Carnival Queen's crown," he said, "I suggest we pass on to Mr. Stringbird's suggested design for the poster." He unrolled a sheet of cartridge paper and held it out for the committee's inspection. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, what are our feelings about this?"

The committee stared at it in shocked silence.

"Well!" said the chairman anxiously.

Major Pocklington blew noisily into his pipe. "May I ask what it is meant to represent?" he said. The others looked at him gratefully and nodded.

The chairman studied the poster for a moment and then turned to Mr. Stringbird. "Perhaps the artist himself would like to answer that question," he said. "Mr. Stringbird?"

Mr. Stringbird straightened his bow-tie and stood up.

"To the educated eye," he said, with a sharp glance at Major Pocklington, "my design will at once convey the very essence of Carnival. Here, in hot, urgent colours, I have captured the spirit of our Bank Holiday revels on the recreation ground—the blare of the roundabouts, the cries of the showmen, the lusty high spirits of our village men and maidens—"

"I see no allusion in your design," said Miss Featherstone stiffly, "to my soft-drinks stall near the entrance."

Mr. Stringbird studied his fingernails for a few moments.

"I have attempted," he said tauntly, "to express the *feeling* of the occasion rather than to depict the many individual attractions of which it is composed." He stared hard out of the window. "I could, of course, add some pictorial reference to Major Pocklington's dramatic participation in the Ladies' Sack Race at last year's Carnival."

Mrs. Hebditch coughed. "I am sure the committee would not wish



"I've stood it long enough. Now I'm going to give you a piece of my mind for a change."

you to crowd your canvas to that extent," she said, with a sympathetic glance at the Major.

The vicar, who had been examining the poster at close quarters, removed his spectacles. "Tell me, Stringbird," he said. "Who are the unkempt gentlemen half-concealed by that splodge in the centre of the picture?"

Mr. Stringbird finished the little tune he had been humming. "The splodge," he said, looking at the ceiling, "is a thicket. The unkempt gentlemen are, of course, satyrs."

"Cloven-hoofed classes, eh!" put in Mr. Tweedsdale. "You'll have the Min. of Ag. down on us like a ton of bricks."

"And what's all this nonsense about a thicket?" said the Major.

"I've been playing cricket on the recreation ground for the past seventeen years and I've yet to encounter any actual thickets. Long grass, I grant you, but—"

The chairman rapped on the table. "Let's put the poster aside for the time being," he said, "and discuss the question of the Reception Centre for Lost Children. Last year the tent we used for this purpose had to be re-erected no fewer than five times . . ."

2 2

"In plain American," she said, brushing her white hair out of her eyes with an agitated hand, "Maureen's shoulder is just lousy. I tried to make her scratch, but she won't hear of it."

Daily Mail

Quite right—only aggravates it.

THE PARLOUR AT THE BULL

RED Sails at Sunset
And April Showers
And the looking-glass painted
With birds and flowers
And striped aspidistras
And Uncle John
And The Burglers of Calais—
They are not gone,
Time has not dimmed the pathos
Of Father's Return
Nor the light on the electroplated
Coffee urn.

Nothing in the room is altered
Since first we came this way,
The oleograph of Gordon
And the print of The Soul's
Awakening
And the herd of Highland Cattle
And Granny's Letter stay—
And the vast épergne on the table
And the leatherette armchairs

And the candlewick antimacassars;
The dumb piano bears
The cricketing group of the 'nineties
And the child who well might
be
The lady who came to serve us—
At the age of three.

Nothing in the room is altered
Since days too far remote
When first this way we journeyed
And used to note
The Scenes from the Life of
Goldsmith
And the cabinet filled with teapots
And the carved mahogany sideboard
And the stuffed stoat.

Nothing in the room is altered,
Which makes one half regret
On the table beside the window
The television set. EVOE

FOND AS I AM OF MUSHROOMS...

NOW that they have stripped the
trams from London, where will
the Knackers strike next? Are even
the fire-engines safe? My guess is
that the next assault will turn out
to have been suggested by the
Kingway tunnel. It used to make
trams look very like double-decker
Underground trains, and associa-
tion of ideas will probably lead
to an attack on the Underground
itself.

The Knackers will begin with
the dots on the map that show where
the next lines are intended to go.
It should be a fairly easy job to stop
their being built at all. Emboldened,
they will attack the spurs that jut
out into the Home Counties, work-
ing inwards from Aylesbury and
Cockfosters and Upminster and
Morden.

I doubt if the Knackers will
trouble to fill the tunnels in. They
will just switch off the current, and
leave behind them rusting gates,
torn advertisements and straggling
grass. Some Department will be
given the job of disposing of things

cheap. Here and there some show-
man might buy a couple of hundred
yards for a Ghost Train, or a film
company will hire a section for a
chase in the sewers of Vienna.
Mostly the whole system will rot
forgotten, like the Fleet river.
Then the crooks will move in.

It will be appropriate for the
underworld to live below ground—
instead of in the fresh air, clustering
round barrows and leaning against
street-corners. They will find many
advantages, like being able to
enter banks from below instead of
having to grind their way through
artificially thickened side-walls.
Skeleton keys to disused stations
will give the pursued a wide choice
of bolt-holes, and there will be
plenty of room for storing loot.
Down beneath the lighted square
and merry throngs there will be
savage gang-warfare. Shots will
echo round the curves. Squealers
will be hurled down lift-shafts. The
Bakerloo Mob will come into sharp
conflict with the Metropolitan Boys
at Charing Cross. The loud-speakers

will echo with the raucous music
that criminals like, and the ticket
machines could, no doubt, be easily
adapted to games of chance.

It seems much more probable
that the desolation left by the
Knackers will decay into dens
than that it will be planned into
amenities. I can see the advantage
of having London's subsoil honey-
combed with canals; I can imagine
with pleasure the laughter, the
romantic lighting, the flower-beds by
the water-side. However, there is
the question of cost. I cannot
remember a single year since I
moved on from *Rainbow* to *The
Times* in which there was no
economic crisis. The best we can
hope for is that during some special
festivity a few furlongs of tunnel
might be temporarily converted to
frivolity—say the Piccadilly Line
from Hyde Park Corner to Leicester
Square. Unhappily, as soon as the
festivity was over, the tunnel
would be reconverted to ruin
at considerable expense.

It is possible that the Under-
ground could be worked into the
productivity drive, though machines
tend to be vertical rather than
horizontal. Our genius for im-
provisation would have to redesign
them to be long and low and
rounded on top. There are certainly
enough shafts for chimneys. In
rows along the edges of platforms
workers would sit while conveyor
belts brought them, for assembly,
parts manufactured in the dark bits
between stations. The indicator
would flash "1st Batch—Sprockets.
2nd Batch—Armatures. 3rd Batch
—Flanges." The central signalling
system would keep in close touch
with export markets and continually
vary the order in which the different
bits were put together.

Fond as I am of mushrooms, I
cannot feel that to devote the
Underground to cultivating them
instead of to heavy industry would
be defensible. Also, four meals a
day would be insufficient for the
population of London to eat level
with their growth. Perhaps the
District and Northern lines could be
fungicultural and the others be used
for engineering. At interchange
stations, like Bank—Monument, care



ACHIEVEMENT

would have to be taken to prevent spores from clogging the machines.

Once the Knackers begin on the Underground, queues for buses, already swollen by the destruction of trams, will become endless, longer than the average bus journey. The rush hour will have to begin earlier and probably even triple-decker buses will be insufficient to cope with the increased traffic. If additional conductors are recruited from displaced Underground staff—drivers would not hear a stamp from the second storey—it will be only a temporary alleviation, as sooner or later the attack will begin on the buses themselves. These will be comparatively easy to knock as there are no lines to be torn up. One advantage of the disappearance of the bus will be a sharp reduction in bus queues. Possibly the final result will be the revival of the horse. Outside the once flourishing stations at Sloane Square and Blackfriars and Goadge Street will be long lines of tethered horses that have brought the factory hands to work in the tunnels below.

As between crime and production, I find myself uncertain. I have put the probability of each as fairly as I can. On the whole, I think my first suggestion the more likely, as industries take a long time to site, while crooks would just infiltrate as soon as the Underground ceased to be an active part of transport. No doubt members of the more forward-looking gangs are already prospecting their subterranean hideouts. By the time industry is ready a war of reconquest will be required. It will be, I suspect, a cavalry war, using pit-ponies. It will be a frightful tax upon the strained resources of the country, but the News Reels should do well out of it—even better than they did out of the end of the trams.

R. G. G. PRICE

Flying Visit
"THE QUEEN HAS
TWO BROTHERS
AT NOTTINGHAM"
Daily Telegraph



"... The bird-bath I told you about is a grand success."

TEAM WORK

"THERE's no doubt," said Symphon thoughtfully, "that the success of any sort of club depends largely on getting the right man as chairman. This tennis club is no exception, and it is little wonder that membership fell off during the reign of poor old Entwistle. We'll soon begin to build up now that he has gone."

"Who is the new chairman?" I asked.

"I'd forgotten you'd been away," he said. "As a matter of fact I took on the job a month ago. I didn't want it, of course, but so many of the members sidled up and said that I had all the necessary qualities that I reluctantly allowed my name to go forward at a Special General Meeting. I have two vice-chairmen, Brigadier Hogg and Johnson-Clitheroe."

"That must be awkward," I said. "Because when those two are on a committee together they always quarrel. I've never known them agree about anything. Your meetings must go on all night."

Symphon smiled complacently.

"Nothing of the sort," he said. "The whole art of chairmanship consists in managing to the best advantage all the fotsam and jetsam that the General Meeting wishes on you as a committee. My first act as chairman was to form two sub-committees, an Activities sub-committee and a Maintenance sub-committee. Brigadier Hogg acts as chairman of the Activities sub-committee, and Johnson-Clitheroe acts as chairman of the Maintenance sub-committee. The duties of the two sub-committees are clearly laid down. The Activities sub-committee arranges tournaments and dances and so forth, and the Maintenance sub-committee attends to our material needs, such as keeping the nets in repair, stocking the bar, and providing refreshments when we have dances. Brigadier Hogg and Johnson-Clitheroe never meet, except on the General Committee."

"And what happens," I said,

"when they meet on the General Committee!"

Simpson chuckled.

"As chairman of the General Committee," he said, "it is my job to convene it, and I just don't. All the work is done by the sub-committees, so there is no need for the General Committee to meet at all. I have all the prestige of being chairman without having to do any chairmaning. When I enter the clubhouse a hush falls. 'Who is that?' asks a new member in a whisper. 'That is Mr. Simpson, our chairman,' says the steward in an awed voice, and ten-to-one the new member stands me a drink before the evening is over, not knowing that all the work is really done by Hogg and Johnson-Clitheroe."

"I should have thought," I said, "that it was asking for trouble not to call the General Committee occasionally for joint consultation. Joint consultation is always a good thing. Look at the Yalu bombing."

Simpson said that perhaps he had a little something that Churchill and Truman lacked. A sort of natural *flair* for leadership that one was either born with, or not.

"Things are going well in the club, anyway," he said. "Look at the crowd that has turned up for this social and dance to-night. Which reminds me I must find Hogg and tell him to get the dancing started. It is past time."

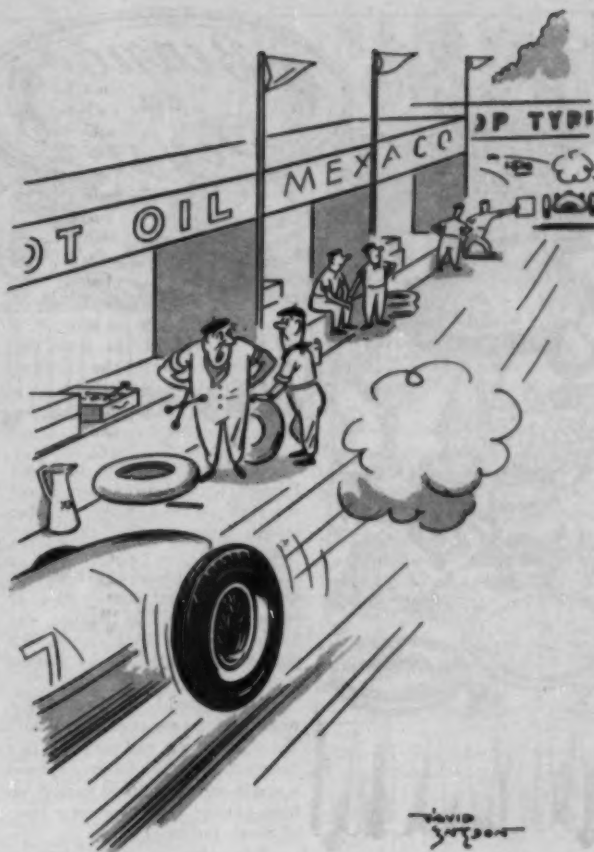
Five minutes later he was back at the bar, where he asked me if I would care to drive him home.

"I don't feel in the mood for trouble," he said, "and I'm afraid there may be a certain amount of peevishness among the members later on. It was the Activities Committee that fixed the dance for to-night—quite rightly. No harm in that. Only the Maintenance Committee has laid on the band and refreshments for next Saturday."

D. H. BARBER

"Bomb damage arranged free of charge. Tel.: WEMbley 4786 or CHL-wick 1193."—*News Chronicle*

We had ours done while it was nationalized.



"I'm all ruddy thumbs to-day. Took me over five seconds to change that wheel."

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD

YOU wondered, Omar, what the vintners bought

One half so precious as the things they sold.

Now I upon a kindred train of thought

Reflect, as seeks the sun his bed of gold.

Beside me, flickering on the fireside

stool,

A flex-wreath'd flambeau from a

bottle made—

Have I, I wonder, been an empty

fool

To drink that sunshine to achieve

this shade?

MARK BEVAN





"Children attending the East Pibroch County Grammar School are half an inch taller, on the average, than before the war." (*News item.*)

"In the period 1934-38 the estimated annual consumption of cheese per head in Britain was 8.8 pounds; in 1949 it was 9.8 pounds." (*From the Annual Abstract of Statistics.*)

"Well, gosh! I don't know what you folks are grumbling about! The food's been real swell on this vacation. Why, we haven't opened a single one of the food parcels we brought over." (*H. Clambacker Jun., of South Dakota, U.S.A.*)

But also in abundance is evidence to the contrary:

"England lose 3-0 to Australia." (*News item.*)

"The man who used to eat 5 lb. of prime English meat a week before the war simply cannot bowl the same way on $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of stringy Argentine cow. Throughout English cricket, a slower and quieter standard has been accepted, to correspond with the food we are given. So Test series are lost, and no one need wonder why." (*W. R. Hammond in "Cricket's Secret History."*)

"English spaghetti is terrible." (*Italian miner, embarking at Tilbury.*)

"In the period 1934-38 the estimated annual consumption of bacon and ham per head in Britain was 27.3 pounds; in 1949 it was

13.5 pounds." (*From the Annual Abstract of Statistics.*)

"We all need a little more red meat." (*A Politician.*)

We just don't know, and our doubts are most disconcerting.

A possible pointer to the true state of affairs is the large number of people who are being lured to the British Food Fair* at Olympia by the promise and prospect of free samples. In the words of the Press office—"Literally hundreds of thousands of free samples . . . Five hundred lavish baskets on wheels, crammed with food will be given away during the run of the exhibition. See, sample, try, taste!" The samples, I admit, are extremely

* Open until July 19

ONE of our major grievances to-day is that we don't know how wellfed we are. Nobody will tell us exactly how much we ought to enjoy our food, whether we are better or worse off than before the war, whether our diet is conducive to hard work and boundless vitality or permits only a niggardly expenditure of mental and physical energy. The facts are hopelessly confusing and unreliable.

Evidence that we are well fed is abundant:

"I have never seen our people look so healthy. When I see the rosy faces, bright eyes and strong limbs of our youngsters my heart fills with pride in our post-war achievements." (*A Politician.*)

generous, and it is quite possible to arrange a tour of the "five acres of food" in such a way that the titbits add up to an excellent and orderly meal. A few false moustaches are useful, of course, for second helpings.

The promoters of the Fair, the Food Manufacturers' Federation Inc., have not gone out of their way to make things easy for the peripatetic gourmet. The Spanish *apéritifs* are dispensed from a stand in the gallery, several furlongs from the canapés on the ground floor; the soups flow readily enough from the stands fringing the "Aklerman's Aquarium" (a large glass tank containing a school of West Indian turtles and two thousand gallons of sea water shipped from the Bay of Biscay), but the entrées are apparently in the next parish. Moreover, it is fatally easy, on these forced marches, to become involved in a lecture on refrigeration or pressure-cooking and to lose so much time and energy that one has to start all over again—from the Spanish *apéritifs*.

The coffee, by the wayside, is excellent.

This exhibition demonstrates—unwittingly of course—how seriously our eating habits have been, and are being, altered by transatlantic influences. Most of the comestibles on view are in tins or packets, and with most of them the art of cooking has been reduced to the simple directive "Pour the contents into a saucepan, add water, bring to the boil and serve." The advantages are obvious enough to every inhabitant of the Welfare State. Standardized foodstuffs can be bought quickly from self-service walk-round stores, the larder can be stocked as easily as a filing-cabinet with slim packets of powder and crystal, and the servantless work-weary household can rustle up meals in double-quick time.

The disadvantages are less obvious, except to those people—a rapidly diminishing section of the community—who prefer their soups home-made, their fruits and vegetables fresh, and their meat from the family butcher. For these people the sources of supply of fresh foods



are beginning to dry up. More and more of our farm and orchard produce is going to the canner and packer, and what is left may not be worth the high costs of retail marketing and distribution. So this country, which was once the scene of innumerable beanfeasts (broad beans and ale at hay-making) is having to make do with baked beans on toast. And a country that once ate its herrings fresh and delicious (*à la Hollandaise*) is now fobbed off with dyed kippers.

And another thing. Most pre-cooked and packaged foods need preservatives, and some preservatives are readily detectable by the palate. If we eat enough of these foods the taste of preservative becomes part and parcel of the dish, an essential ingredient: we develop a preservative-tolerance and subsequently a quite definite affinity for the stuff. I know of people who now prefer the taste of saccharin to sugar, people who associate pigs with the taste of the sulphur (or whatever it is) used to preserve certain types of canned frankfurter sausages, people who prefer their beef corned and their fruit canned.

What of it? Live and let live, you say, and every man to his taste! I agree; but not without a word of warning. If we succumb so easily to the wiles of the food chemist we are heading for gastronomic turpitude. It is but a short step from proteins and carbohydrates flavoured with preservatives to meals consisting entirely of laboratory by-products—tablets and such. And I draw the line at tablets.

I don't want to be unreasonable; so let me make it clear that my fears may be quite groundless, that most of the samples sampled at the Food Fair are delicious and nutritious, and that I am personally very fond of canned beer.

Finally, a word or two about the design of this exhibition. For the visitor who has no stomach for the samples and wishes to dwell on higher things there is a most agreeable collection of outsize reproductions of celebrated paintings. The Grand Hall is decorated with a score of brightly-coloured murals, all of them, it is true, connected in some way or other with meat and drink, but all worthy of consideration merely as works of art. The Vermeer, I found, goes well with a little Australian pastaloon, "Mushrooms," by William Nicholson, enhances the flavour of soups and savouries, de Heem's "Still Life with Lobster" is delicious with fish-paste oddments, and Picasso's "The Gourmet" unquestionably does something for ship's biscuit and relish.

There is also a portrait of the incomparable Mrs. Beeton.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



THE MOODIE CHRONICLES

It's a Small World

WHEN Great-great-aunt Blodwen went to live with Bertha Grue my Great-aunt Susan became dispirited in her pursuit of the wealth which the Uncles had misguidedly left to their housekeeper. As long as Miss Grue had been alone the process of worming our way into her confidence and of discrediting the similar exertions of Great-aunt Maud Bang and the Hope Street Moodies could be looked upon as no more than a tiresome prolongation of our devoted attentions to the Uncles themselves; but with Blodwen installed at "Klondike" the atmosphere changed, and the more we saw of them the more it came to seem that what Cousin Plinlimmon called "the Moodie lot" was destined to be sunk beyond recall into the foundation of an enormous memorial home for cats.

"Not," my great-aunt would remark, as she sat amongst her nearest and dearest, "that I have anything against cats..." And she would sink into a sombre silence, from which mention of the machinations of the Hope Street Moodies would alone arouse her. Indeed, she had almost decided to discontinue our Saturday visits to "Klondike"

when reports began to reach us that Great-aunt Maud was basely encouraging the old ladies in their dreadful irresponsibility, that young Arthur Bang had been entered for a veterinary college, and that Sylvester Bang was taking lessons in Welsh in order to be able to deceive Great-great-aunt Blodwen in her own language.

The unscrupulous thoroughness of these manoeuvres had a stimulating effect on Great-aunt Susan, who plainly told Bertha Grue that if she wasn't careful she would find that she had established a home for retired Hope Street Moodies; but Miss Grue only cackled wildly, and the Bangs pressed inexorably on. Little Norah became a junior member of the R.S.P.C.A., Great-aunt Maud claimed to have discovered a man named Stobbutt who specialized in the architectural design of cats' homes, and Sylvester's Welsh quickly progressed to such a point that Great-great-aunt Blodwen would scarcely speak to anyone else.

At last Great-aunt Susan decided that her only hope lay in taking Miss Grue and Blodwen with us on our summer holidays. In the austere atmosphere of Miss Bombasine's boarding-house, amidst the wind-swept marram-grasses of the sand dunes, and away from the corrupting influence of Great-aunt Maud, it might be possible to resuscitate some glimmer of Moodie responsibility. The full force of her formidable personality would at least be directed to this end, and she would have Mr. Golightly, the family lawyer, in the offing, so that anything the two old ladies might relevantly say would be taken down—preferably in the form of a will.

The date of our holiday was put back by a fortnight so that it would coincide with the Bangs' absence in Torquay, and Great-aunt Susan seemed to vibrate with a new vigour, personally supervising the stringent security measures which would prevent such leakages of

information as had so often betrayed her schemes in the past. Not a word was breathed concerning our altered plans, and there was a certain sadness as the normal time of our holiday came round and we contemplated the disappointment of Uncle Norman, the purplish-faced man in the dark suit who stayed at the adjacent "Pias Newydd" and attached himself to us each year for cricket on the sands and haversack rations. In fact, so poignant did the thought of his penguin-shaped figure haunting the deserted beach become that Cousin Herbert was permitted to dispatch a postcard, addressed simply to UNCLE NORMAN—since nobody knew his other name—and bearing the cryptic message:

WE CANNOT CUM ON OUR HOLLY DAYS
YET BECAUSE OF GAUNT MAUD,
WITH LOVE FROM HERBERT.

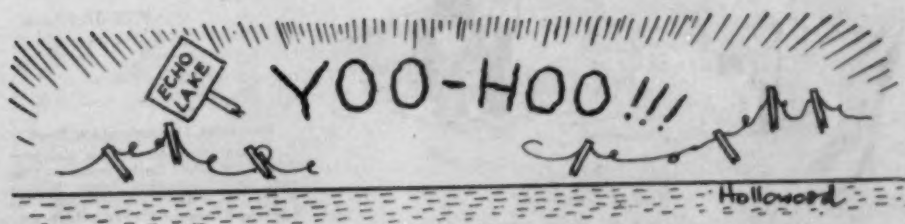
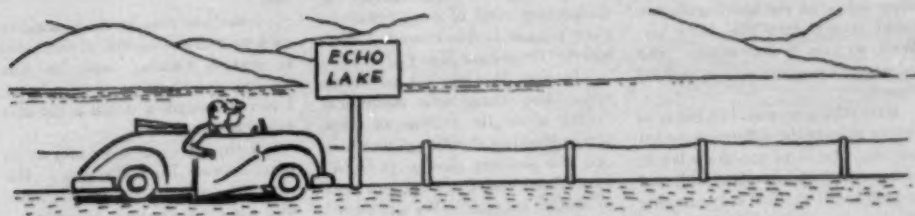
At last the Bangs left for Torquay, and Great-aunt Susan rushed round to "Klondike" with her invitation. As had been foreseen, Miss Grue's ingenuous delight in doing things at other people's expense together with Great-great-aunt Blodwen's urge to taste again the air of her native land made it impossible for them to refuse. It was just a matter of waiting for them to pack their suitcases and intercepting any letters they might chance to write to Great-aunt Maud.

Two days later we were on the road, with Great-aunt Susan wedged in the back of the car between Miss Grue and Blodwen, and the rest of us festooned about Auntie George, who was supposed to be driving. Aunt Clara had volunteered to go by train.

We proceeded at a steady twenty-four miles an hour, Auntie George turning an ear previously stuffed with cotton-wool to the criticisms of her mother and the gloomy forebodings of Miss Grue. Great-great-aunt Blodwen complained a good deal about her sciatica, but when we halted for a rest near Queensferry it was found that she had been sitting on Cousin



"We're having him coached
for his intelligence test."



Herbert's bucket and spade, and when this had been attended to she became quite gay. As we plunged deeper into the hills of her homeland she even began to sing in a queer cracked voice like a seagull's, which grew louder and louder until it suddenly stopped and she fell asleep.

Finally we reached our destination, and there stood Aunt Clara on the steps of "Snowdon View"; and behind her stood Miss Bombasine, guarding the door lest any of the unique odour of the boarding-house should escape into the salty air. "Well, so you're here again," she said without rapture, and we passed indoors.

Everything seemed the same as ever; or at least the difference eluded analysis. The same sea-shells lay in the base of the umbrella-stand, and the pale, night-gowned lady carrying the bunch of keys still gazed frustratedly down upon us from the picture on the landing; but the year seemed older by more than a fortnight, and there was something in the air, which years later one recognized as the nostalgic regret for departed innocence.

On the sands next day it was a little better, but no one could face the thought of cricket without Unclenorman, and we pattered aimlessly at the water's edge until a shout from Great-aunt Susan

announced that her morning's onslaught upon the sensibilities of the two old ladies was at an end. We straggled up the beach, and soon the meat-paste sandwiches were being doled out.

It was while Auntie George was struggling with the spirit-stove and our elders awaited the ritual cup of tea that Cousin Herbert uttered the first of his memorable shrieks: "*It's Unclenorman!*" and we had scarcely time to follow his gaze along the undulating vista of sand before he gave tongue to his second: "*He's married Great-aunt Maud!*"

In fact this proved to be an error, but there was something festive about the column of Hope Street Moodies shuffling towards us over the powdery sand, with Great-aunt Maud and Unclenorman arm-in-arm at its head. We sat dumbfounded, our eyes fixed on the porcelain crescent of Great-aunt Maud's triumphant smile. "This is Mr. Stobbutt," she said, by way of introduction, "the architect who is designing the cats' home."

No one spoke, and Unclenorman lowered himself into a sitting posture. Breathing heavily, he bent forward to unlace his shoes; then he sat back with a grunt and glanced round at us out of his small, close-set eyes. "It's a small world," he said, "isn't it?"



"Not here, silly—in the dining room!"

FRIENDLY NATIVE

I LIKE driving big American cars, and I jumped at the chance of taking Stoltz's Cadibaker to the airport to meet him. But I should have stuck to the main roads. The lanes presented unforeseen difficulties. I tried to manoeuvre back, got into unknown country and was lost.

I saw the man at dusk, leaning on a gate in the middle of nowhere. It was a Sunday, and he was wearing a dark suit and tweed cap. I ran the window down a bit and said "Longheath?"

A change came over him as he moved away from the gate. His shoulders took on a marked curve, and his eyes went all shrewd and wrinkled up. He put his head close to the window. "Longheath, maister!" he said in a rich burr. "Do you follow lane over wold to Squire's hanger. Then down left into bottom and along bourn to bridge by Farmer Iles's ayot. Then up across lea to old grange, pastholt, and out on to turnpike by little hurst near the lynch. Can't miss it."

He stood back and looked at me expectantly. I ran the window right down and put my head out. "Sorry," I said, "you'll have to say it again. I didn't quite follow."

He straightened up and looked at me with an odd mixture of reproach and embarrassment. "You English!" he said. "Sorry, chum. Straight on, first left, left again by the A.A. Box. Keep on till you come out on A 58 by the sewage farm. Then right. It's lousy with Yank cars. You can't miss it."

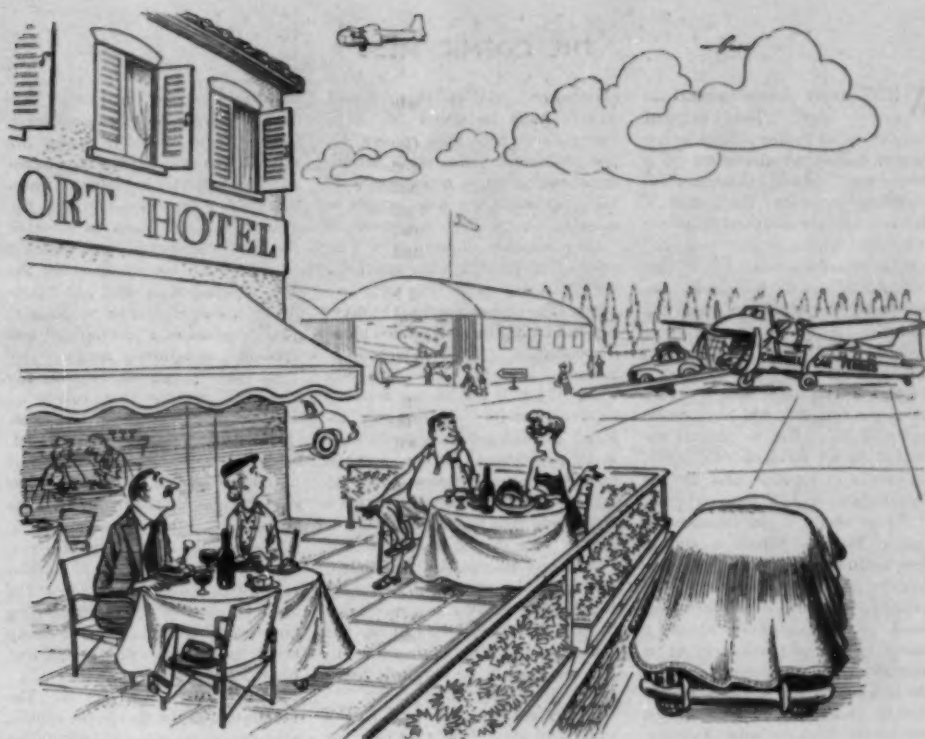
I said "Not now I can't," and drove on.

P. M. HUBBARD

For Your Commonplace Book

"Joan Marshall is the daughter, an idealist flower in the tenement filth, who only smoulders until William Hepper, as a slinky gangster, lights the fuse which blows up her castles in the air."

Grimby Evening Telegraph



"We liked it here so much we just haven't bothered to go any further."

EVER LET THE FANCY ROAM

WHENE'ER I walk down Shepherd's Hill,
Down Shepherd's Hill up Highgate way,
I think I see that shepherd still,
That symbol of a happier day,
With crook and scrip and hat and smock
A-minding of his woolly flock.

Under the hawthorn in the shade
He tells his tale (his only chore),
And when he's counted thrice, and made
It all the sheep he's got and more,
Then he will take his oaten pipe
And blow a tune of rustic type.

And now he threads a daisy-chain
And ties it neatly round his hat,
And now he blows his pipe again,
And now he falls to thinking that

Since he forgot to bring a book
It's back to garlands for the crook;

And so he picks the cornflowers blue
And poppies pink and roses white
And twines them madly through and through

Before he chucks them out of sight
And settles on his grassy bed
To write a sonnet in his head.

An easy job, a very snip,
On Shepherd's Hill a shepherd hath!
And when he gathers crook and scrip
And flock and wends his homeward path

I note that he and they have found
The quick way there, by Underground.

ANDE

THE COSMIC MESS

WHAT queer things mortals do every day! That original thought comes to this column every time it makes an alteration on a cheque and "initials" the alteration according to custom. The initials, it understands, are designed to assure "all those whom it may concern" that the alteration was made by this column and not by somebody else. But surely the writing in which the alteration is made is the best evidence of that. This column always tries to write uniformly on a cheque; and as its writing is pretty queer the forger would have to be pretty skilful. But its initials are written in all sorts of wild ways, sometimes in capitals, and anyone could do a squiggle that would pass.

Then there is the business of signing receipts across a stamp. Here again it is important to be sure that the right person has signed the receipt. But no one can write his usual careful signature across a stamp. The pen splutters as it mounts the stamp; sometimes, if one has licked the stamp too generously, the paper is wet and one scribbles through a swamp. Anyway, a stamp is obviously not an ideal surface for clear writing, and the whole arrangement seems designed to make life easy for the forger.

By the way—an old but burning little grievance—by Act of Parliament (the Finance Act, 1924, Section 36) receipt stamps are not required on receipts for "wages, salaries, pensions and compassionate

allowances." Why then should writers have to spend 2d. on a stamp every time they receive, for professional services, some insufficient sum from a newspaper? If such payments are not "wages or salaries," could they not count as "compassionate allowances"? This column has had the honour to write for this great paper for forty-two years. The pleasant sums it receives are still delightfully described as an "honarium" (which means, it gathers, "a fee for professional services"); but it has to put a stamp on every receipt. If, however, instead of independent scribbles, it did professional editorial services at the office and drew a salary, no stamp would be required. Is this a distinction that has any meaning or merit? The doctor, too, it seems, has to buy stamps (and, goodness, how many he must have to buy!). It is hard to see why he should have to pay a tax not laid upon the salaried man. He wouldn't have to buy stamps if he worked for a salary at a hospital.

This column has just had a wonderful idea. Now that they see how unjust is the law, no doubt the best newspapers will think it right to affix the stamps themselves.

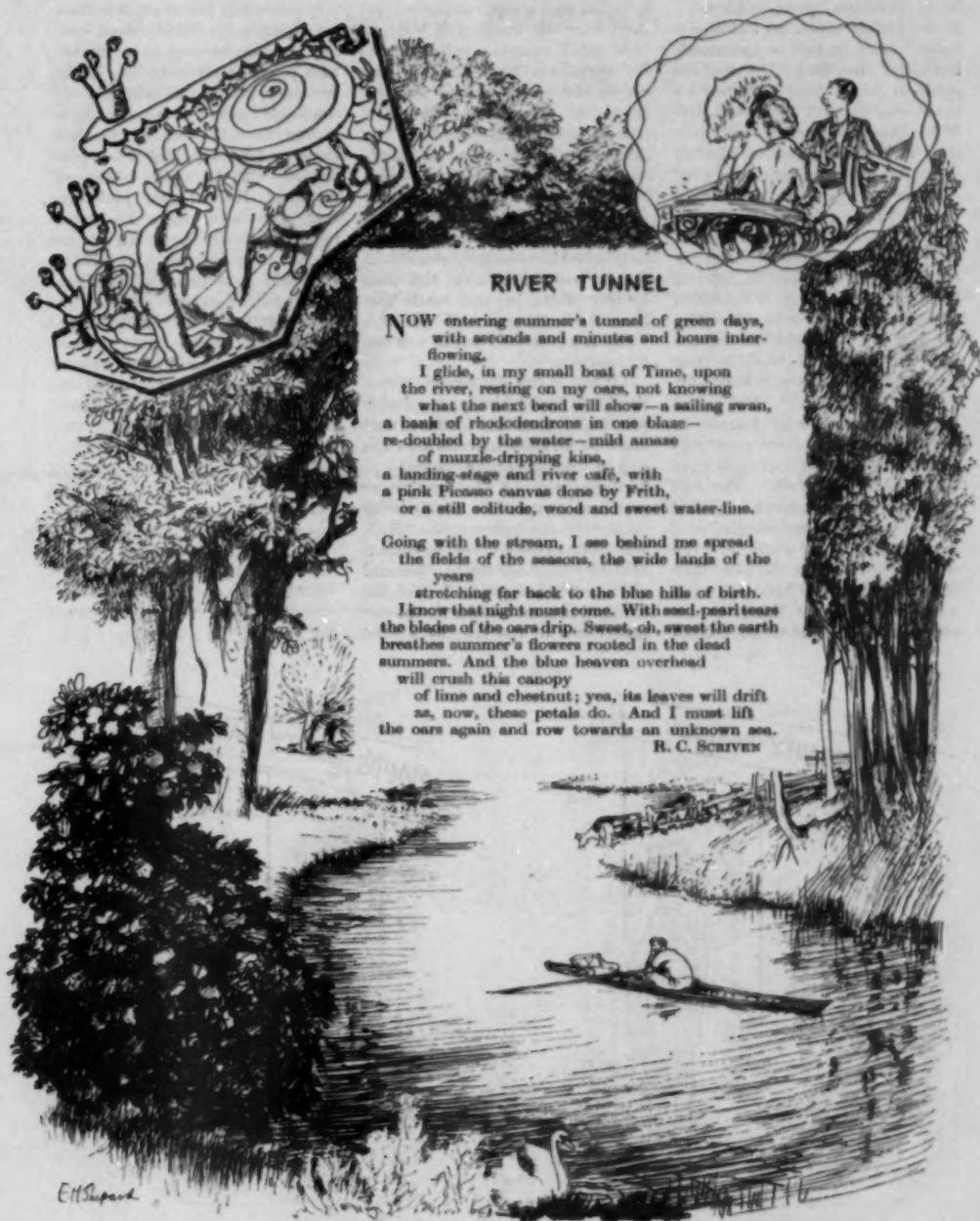
Mr. Lever's Libel Bill has had undeserved misfortunes and it is now too late to suggest any amendments to the House of Commons. But perhaps, now that it has arrived at "another place" (as the Commons

absurdly describe the Lords), this dear little point might be considered. Clause Three seeks to make life safer for the author, publisher, newspaper and printer in cases of "unintentional defamation," where the author did not mean to refer to the "party aggrieved," and may not have known of his existence. By the Bill, if the person who has "published words alleged to be defamatory" offers "a correction and apology" and this is accepted by "the party aggrieved," that is the end of the matter; there can be no legal action. Very well. At least, "correction" is well. The novelist, shall we say, has written about a dentist called Pain. He now explains politely that he had not the smallest intention of holding up to ridicule, contempt or hatred the real dental surgeon, Mr. Pain, of Burbleton, and, indeed, had never heard of him. He thus "corrects" the wrong impression that has accidentally arisen in the minds of Mr. Pain and his many friends.

But why "apology"? The foundation of the clause, the central assumption, is that nobody has done anything wrong. The author has not naughtily gone after poor Mr. Pain, nor has he injured him by failing to take due care. The thing is like a genuine "motor-accident," where, since nobody is to blame, the damage must lie where it falls. But the word "apology," surely, implies that someone has done wrong, and knows it. This column, therefore, respectfully submits to the Lords Temporal and Spiritual that the word should (in parliamentary terms) be "left out."

Lovers of liberty, beware! "They" are trying a new trick. It is not absolutely new; indeed, it has been mentioned in these pages: but then the charitable assumption was that the thing was an accident born of ignorance. Now it has happened again: and the sad conclusion is that some deliberate tyrant, bursting with a "policy," is at work. Since 1921 there has been no "closing





RIVER TUNNEL

NOW entering summer's tunnel of green days,
with seconds and minutes and hours inter-
flowing.

I glide, in my small boat of Time, upon
the river, resting on my oars, not knowing
what the next bend will show—a sailing swan,
a bank of rhododendrons in one blaze—
re-doubled by the water—mild amaze
of muzzle-dripping kine,
a landing-stage and river café, with
a pink Picasso canvas done by Frith,
or a still solitude, wood and sweet water-lilies.

Going with the stream, I see behind me spread
the fields of the seasons, the wide lands of the
years

stretching far back to the blue hills of birth.
I know that night must come. With seed-pearl tears
the blades of the oars drip. Sweet, oh, sweet the earth
breathes summer's flowers rooted in the dead
summers. And the blue heaven overhead
will crush this canopy

of lime and chestnut; yea, its leaves will drift
as, now, these petals do. And I must lift
the oars again and row towards an unknown sea.

R. C. SCRIVEN

time" in pubs and places where they drink. There are "permitted hours" at the end of which no "alcoholic liquor" must be sold or consumed. But the landlord, licensee or publican is not bound by law to throw you out and close his doors. If he likes you enough, you may stay and talk politics to him all night; or you may sit down, play chess or backgammon, or finish a novel. In the great gin-palaces of the Metropolis the landlord does not like his customers, few of whom are old friends, so well: and he chivvies them out as soon as he is forbidden to sell them any beer—thus, by the way, in his folly, supporting the Mrs. Grundys of this world in their contention that the pub exists for nothing but "booze." But in the smaller, more friendly houses, in town or country, where people do go for bonhomie as well as beer, a better custom prevails. The bell rings, the landlord gives his musical cries, the glasses are emptied and surrendered: but some of the citizens still remain, because they like each other, and have still some wise and important things to say about skittles or local affairs, politics

or the football pools. To such a house, at such a moment (in fact, at the wildly late un-English hour of 10.40 B.S.T.) enters a police officer. He cocks his head towards the saloon bar where citizens can be heard in conversation (what a crime!). "Anything special on?" he asks. "No," says the landlord, and, scenting a suspicious mind, adds: "No one's drinking, if that's what you mean." "Unsatisfactory," says the officer, shaking his head. A little later he makes another entrance, in the old pantomime style, this time by way of the jug and bottle bar. Now he is firmer: and he says "This is a practice I advise you not to continue."

What is the dangerous "practice"? It is the kindly, hospitable practice of permitting friends to stay and chat for a few minutes after the end of "drinking-time," instead of herding them out like convicts or prisoners of war. No law is being broken: on the contrary, the "practice" follows the civilized intentions of those who made the new law and abolished "closing-time." Yet the landlord (a great stickler for the due observance of the law, as a rule)

is being, if not exactly threatened, very powerfully hinted at. If he does not abandon his friendly (and lawful) practice he may have trouble with police or justices. The Home Secretary, one of this column's uncountable readers (it is assumed), is invited to take note of this sad trend or tendency, and act appropriately with Olympian hints and warnings. He will agree, probably, that, just now, there are more important things for police officers to do than to discourage lawful conversation at 10.40 P.M. There are, in this neighbourhood, at least the usual number of unrequited burglaries and householders without redress. This column would hate to make a policeman cry by mentioning anything so crude: but perhaps the Home Secretary might.

A. P. H.

"CASTLE'S STORES
By the Pond

Please drop in when you are passing."
Pavish magazine

No, thanks. In a hurry.



INTERVAL CONVERSATION

"I BEG your pardon," Mr. Foible said to the blonde duchess behind the stalls bar, "but how much did you say?" The duchess looked at him and appeared not to like what she saw. "Twenty-two and naine," she said. "Extra for the laime." "Oh," Mr. Foible said. He pocketed his change and carried the drinks to the party in the corner.

Mrs. Foible raised her eyebrows and her voice when she saw her husband. "What have you been up to, Henry?" she asked. "We thought you were buying the place." "So did I," Mr. Foible said.

"Anyway, you're just in time to back me up, dear," said Mrs. Foible. "The Colonel's terribly worried about Martin." "My boy," Colonel Nuncham explained. "That's understandable," said Mr. Foible, who was trying to divide two hundred and seventy-three pence by five. His wife shuffled significantly. "I mean, most parents are worried about their children," he added—"and vice versa."

"Martin's twelve," Mrs. Foible said, "and his grandmother wants to take him to that new show with that wonderful comedian in we laughed at so much the time we took the Wensleys out and you left the tickets at home. You remember." Mr. Foible sighed. "I shall never forget," he said.

"The comic chap's first-rate," said the Colonel. "He's been on television, and they never have anything that's not quite—er—" "Quite," said Mrs. Nuncham; "but Lester's worried about the show-girls." "Show!" the Colonel said. He paused for a moment, but not even his wife attempted to smile. "There's nothing really—you know—" he went on, "but Martin's got a good brain, and I don't want to start putting ideas into it."

Mrs. Wilson finished her sherry and prepared to tremble with indignation. "But don't you see," she said, "do you not see that telling Martin he can't go will create an ineradicable interest in the very

thing you wish to avoid. Psychologists say—" "They can save their breath," the Colonel said; "I never listen to 'em." Mrs. Nuncham waved her empty glass hopefully. "Really, you know," she said, "I do think it's as broad as it's long." "And it cuts both ways," Mr. Foible suggested.

Mrs. Foible mouthed a silent warning. "When I was a child I was forbidden to eat oysters," she said, "with the result that even now I feel vaguely immoral whenever I have them."

"Anyone who feels no more than vaguely immoral these days is to be congratulated," said Mrs. Wilson. "But I do know what you mean about oysters. I had exactly the same trouble with digestive biscuits. That's why although Rodney is only seven I never, never restrict him. He started sipping sherry when he was six, for example, and consequently he has no alcohol complex at all."

Mr. Foible watched three happy



SIGES

people drinking their third brandies. "I must admit," he said, "that as I walk through the streets of London I am heartbroken to see so many seven-year-olds waiting moodily for the pubs to open." He began to tap his empty tumbler against a waistcoat button.

"I waited eighteen years for my first pint of bitter," the Colonel said. Mr. Foible and Mrs. Nuneham exchanged looks and put their glasses down—"and I didn't see a leg-show until I was out of Sandhurst. I don't think I've suffered because of it." "I wish I could say the same," Mrs. Nuneham said quietly.

Mrs. Wilson whipped her high horse into a gallop. "You mean to say," she said, "that you intend to keep Martin in complete ignorance of what I may call basic principles, despite the profound research into the intricate workings of the human mind made by Jung and Freud,

and ignoring completely the natural curiosity of the child?"

"Yes," the Colonel said.

"You'll be telling us next you still believe in Santa Claus," Mrs. Foible said. "Gave up believing in him when I was five," said the Colonel. "He fobbed me off with a first-aid outfit when I'd asked for a tomahawk."

"As a point of interest," Mr. Foible inquired, "what would you have done with the tomahawk?" "Scalped my nurse," the Colonel said. Mr. Foible smiled at his wife. "You see what I mean, dear?" he said. "But *why* did he hate his nurse?" Mrs. Foible demanded. "Wouldn't let me eat sweets," the Colonel said. "Made me eat rice pudding." "You see what I mean, dear," Mrs. Foible said.

The duchess coughed. "The bell's rung for the last time," she said.

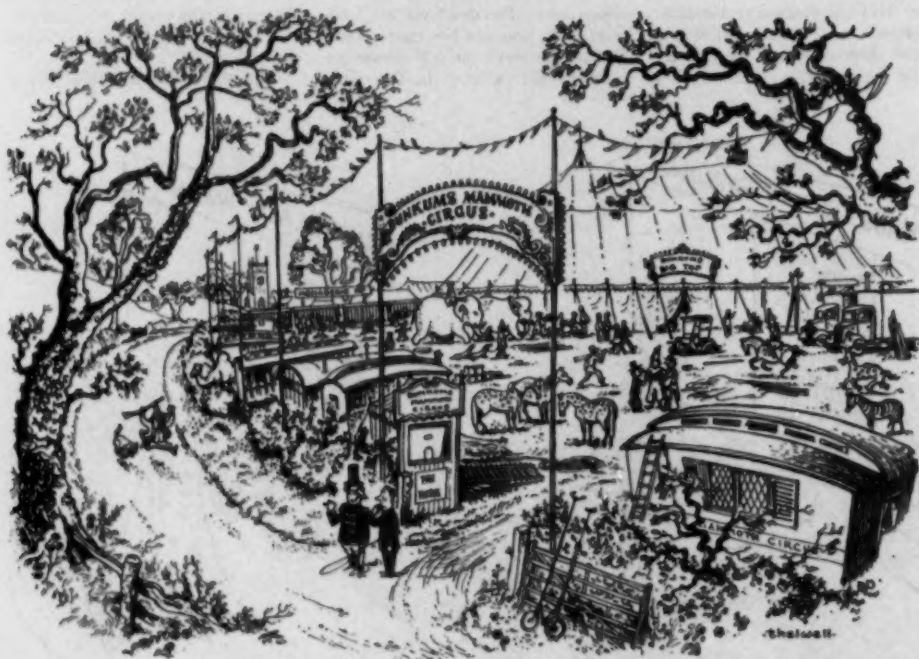
"Two things I always adore about the theatre," Mrs. Foible

announced as the party returned to the auditorium—"audience reaction, which is so unerringly right, and the wonderful feeling of stimulation during the intervals."

"If our union is ever blessed with male issue," Mr. Foible said, guiding his wife to her seat, "I shall do more than tell Junior the facts of life; I shall make it my duty to tell him the three things every young man should know about marriage." "Yes?" Mrs. Foible asked with sudden suspicion. Mr. Foible sat down. "Firstly, it's a wonderful thing to look forward to," he said, "and thirdly, it's a wonderful thing to look back on."

The lights dimmed. "But what about secondly?" Mrs. Foible said sharply. "What comes in between?" A sea of angry faces turned towards her and *assured* her into submission.

Mr. Foible sat back and reflected on the infallibility of audience reaction.



"Did you remember to ask this chap's permission to use his field again?"



MORE TO COME

MY mother wrote and said she was pleased that in choosing Italy for my holiday I had decided to do it on a conducted tour. Switzerland last year hadn't been so bad because although I couldn't speak French I had at any rate learned it at school, so that if the worst had come to the worst at least I could probably have said something. But Italy was different. I had never learned Italian. Even in Latin I had only passed once and that had been because of my handwriting. But with people to look after me it would be all right.

She couldn't tell me what a weight it was off her mind. It was wonderful to know that I would not only get there safely but come back as well. My mother hoped she was up-to-date and so on but she had never quite approved of young people chasing about the Continent with people what they were, especially over there. The Continent was full of pitfalls and I wouldn't know it until I fell in one, and then where would I be?

Another advantage was that I would really see everything and have it all explained to me. My mother could just imagine me on my own rushing blindly past the Coliseum without even noticing it. I must learn as much as I could and remember everywhere I had been so she could talk about it to my aunts. And if we went up Mount Vesuvius I must be careful not to stand too near the edge.

I must see I didn't miss the coach anywhere. All my luggage would have gone on for one thing, and if I were stranded in Venice, for

instance, without even my umbrella, my mother didn't know what she would do. And while I was in Venice I must see I kept warm or I would get rheumatism. I must be careful of the canals; the water couldn't be clean. And make sure my bed wasn't damp. My mother had always thought it sounded most unhealthy.

There should be some nice people on the tour, and that would be nice for me. *I must be careful not to get lost.* Aunt Mabel was lost once in an Egyptian tomb and she had never got over it.

There was one thing that worried my mother, and that was spaghetti. I ate enough of that normally in the flat and she was afraid that in Italy I would simply take the line of least resistance. I must speak nicely to the waiter and ask him if he had some roast lamb or beef. I could explain that I was English and he would understand.

I wrote back and said I was sorry she was so pleased I was going on a conducted tour of Italy, because now I wasn't. I thought of going with some friends who were sailing in their own boat to Madrid and then hitch-hiking round Spain.

My mother should be ringing up any time now.

MARJORIE RIDDELL

"It would be fruitless to rejoice over this proposed deal before the event, for in the herring trade more than any other has it been proved how erroneous it is to count chickens before they are hatched."

The Scotsman

More than almost any other, that is.



WIZARD

"YOU seem to know a lot about motor bikes, sir," the young man said deferentially.

No one else has ever expressed respect for my knowledge of motor cycles. I began to like the engaging way in which his hair flopped over his left eye.

"Plug's wet," I said, squinting at it against the blue sky.

"I suppose it shouldn't be?" he asked doubtfully.

He added that he didn't know a thing about motor bikes. Every one else I have ever met, from garage mechanics to freckled lads swinging jam-jars of tadpoles as they have watched me wrestling at the roadside, has always known everything about motor cycles. He had a pleasant voice, I thought.

"Not firing," I said firmly.

This was more than a mere hypothesis based on the glistening sparking-plug. As he had come coasting sibilantly down the hill towards me the absence of explosions had been readily discernible to a motor cyclist of experience.

As a matter of fact the diagnosing of lack of explosions has never

given me a lot of trouble. My problem has always been to restore them. This has generally been done almost instantaneously by a lad in dungarees at a garage after I have spent a couple of hours trying every other method.

"It's my father's," the young man volunteered. "First time I've been on it. Seemed to go all right for a bit. When she packed up I saw myself having to shove her up hill and down dale—well, coasting down dale, I suppose—for two miles. There's a garage then. Lucky for me you happened to be here. I say, your bus looks much more professional." He took a few lanky strides on the grass verge to pat my petrol tank admiringly. "Massive brute." He returned. "What are you doing now, sir?"

I explained that a weak spark might not jump from one of those things to the other. I was therefore narrowing the gap.

His delighted excitement was, I believe, almost as great as my own surprise when his little motor cycle burst into spluttering life.

"Wizard!" he cried. "Thanks a million, sir!"

When he had folded himself into a sitting posture and, all knees and gratitude, had gone popping away

up the other side of the valley and over the brow, I returned to my own motor cycle and perched once more on the saddle to await some passing motorist or motor cyclist kind enough to take an S.O.S. to the next garage.

GARDEN PARTY PIECE

or, A dark thought under a green shade

LIKE and unlike are attracted;
So Nature, in her inscrutable wisdom,
Has enacted—
Positive and negative,
Female and male,
Electron and proton,
Lettuce and snail,
Moth and candle,
Rome and Vandal,
Beauty and the Beast,
And, last but not least,
There, across the lawn,
Irresistibly drawn
To the Gloire de Dijon roses—
Sir Purbeck and Lady Pryde-
Prendergast's noses.

E. V. MILNER





Monday, July 7

There could scarcely have been a less appropriate temperature in which to discuss winter fuel supplies—but the fact that the Commons spent the day talking on this unseasonable subject served to emphasize that Parliament, like us all, has to take the forward view.

Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, the Minister of Fuel and Power, had a not uncheerful story to tell. For instance, if present trends continue—every Minister nowadays inserts that cautious proviso—coal-production next year may exceed the pre-war average. And this year's coal exports will almost certainly be about half as much again (in tonnage) as last year's.

Even the power cuts which have been so gloomy a feature of recent winters may not be quite so gloomy in the (far?) future, for it has been found technically possible to link up the British and French electrical "grids." This could result in Britain's works and factories and homes getting power from the hydro-electric stations of the Alps, and paying France back, so to speak, from the products of the East Midland coalfields.

Mr. LLOYD added quietly that there was a feeling in the coal industry that things had taken a definite turn for the better, because manpower was rising steadily.

The Minister's cheerfulness in this respect was not entirely confirmed by other Conservative speakers. Colonel LANCASTER did not feel that our coal-production figures compared very favourably with those of some Western European countries, and Sir ARNOLD GRIDLEY was worried over the fall in electricity consumption. But, on balance, the debate was a cheerful one.

At Question-time there was an echo (just a very faint and brief one) of last week's debate on the situation in Korea. Mr. SYDNEY

SILVERMAN wanted to have published, as a White Paper, the speech Mr. Dean Acheson, U.S. Secretary of State, made to M.P.s of all Parties in Westminster Hall, in which he is reported to have referred to the failure of his Government to consult Mr. CHURCHILL's on the bombing of the Yalu River power-stations.

Mr. CHURCHILL's reply was: "No!"

This brought Mr. SILVERMAN to his feet with a long supplementary question, and Mr. C. said firmly that he did not think he need add anything to his "very full answer." While Mr. S. was clearly not amused,



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Viscount Norwich

the rest of the House (with a few dutiful exceptions among Mr. S.'s group) was, and signified the same in the usual manner. Even when Mr. ANEURN BEVAN came into the battle, on Mr. S.'s side, the Prime Minister held firmly to his decision.

He was equally adamant in refusing a suggestion by Mr. ELLIS SMITH that a Select Committee should investigate the Korean war.

Tuesday, July 8

It was very evident, when he walked jauntily into the House of Commons, that Mr. CHURCHILL was in good form, and there was an involuntary "Oooh!" of anticipation from the public galleries when he appeared. And honourable Members who got themselves into trouble

with him a little later really ought to have known better, for it was seen that he was wearing his hearing-aid which, to him, is the modern equivalent of the shining battle armour of old.

The time came for Mr. C. to answer questions, and he used once more the monosyllabic method of giving a "very full answer." One reply caused that usually very urbane and cautious Member, Mr. ANTHONY GREENWOOD, recklessly to impale himself on Mr. C.'s lance. Mr. G. (clearly recalling the Lord Alexander incident of a week earlier) commented that security at the Ministry of Defence "from the Minister downwards" was deficient. It may have been meant as a joke, but the P.M. showed his teeth in anger as he rapped that that was "a very inferior kind of jibe."

Just afterwards he was asked about the calling of an economic conference of the Commonwealth, and then, the reply not proving satisfactory, whether proposals in the Tory election manifesto, "Britain Strong and Free," had been abandoned.

This time a broad grin showed on the P.M.'s face as he eyed his questioner, Mr. PAT GORDON-WALKER, across the table. "No," said he, "it has not been abandoned—nothing in that document has been abandoned. And . . . we look forward to being able to . . . run red meat down your throat!"

While the House and galleries rocked with long laughter Mr. SHIRWELL rose with mock solemnity to demand a ruling whether it was in order to threaten his colleague with violence.

And Mr. Speaker scored the neatest point of all by declaring (with at least as much solemnity) that he took the Prime Minister's ambition to be metaphorical. The laugh lasted a long time.

Before all this liveliness a message from THE QUEEN had been read to the House, declaring her agreement to the Address seeking the

House of Lords:
Comets and
Constellations
House of Commons:
Militant Toryism

setting up of a statue to Field Marshal Smuts.

The main debate was on the Government's Bill which, among other things, allows local councils to sell houses they have built. As the Minister, Mr. HAROLD MACMILLAN, kept saying, it was merely permissive and not mandatory, but every Opposition Member spoke as if the Minister had issued a decree ordering all council houses to be sold forthwith.

Mr. TURNER-SAMUELS, who is a lawyer, intervened many times from the Opposition benches, as often as not to the embarrassment of speakers on his own side. He was so keen to get the precise legal position correct that Mr. GEORGE LINDOEN, putting the Opposition case from the Front Bench, had to give way several times to hear the law expounded.

But when it came to the Minister's turn, and Mr. T.-S. sought to continue his chastening process, he did not fare so well. First, the Minister rebuked him for being too hasty and out of accord with his

"fairly leisurely profession" and then Mr. Speaker himself cut in with an icy "This is a debate—not a cross-examination!"

Most Opposition speakers were at pains to make it clear that they were not against the sale of council houses, at the proper time and in proper conditions—but they made it plain that the time and conditions of the present were not proper. However, the permissive plans went through.

Over in the Lords Lord SWINTON was conducting one of those one-man shows in which he excels, taking on every subject as it came and delivering the Governmental reply to each debate.

He got a cheer for his announcement that the output of Comet aeroplanes is to be increased—although he added, with picturesque caution, that their production was not like picking gooseberries. But, still, our technicians were so far ahead in these matters that we might, in the next year or two, be able to "collar the markets for a generation." Lord S. seemed both

surprised and gratified by the roaring cheer this colloquialism received—or perhaps it was the information it conveyed that provoked such vociferous approval.

Wednesday, July 9

Mr. BUTLER asked the Commons to approve the Civil List, totalling

	£475,000 a year,
House of Commons:	and mentioned
Civil List	two things which

greatly interested the House; that although the cost of living had trebled since the century began, the total of the Civil List had been cut; and that there might be some further simplification of the Court's official functions—though that was a matter for the Sovereign's discretion.

Mr. ATTLEE expressed himself in favour of "a right amount of pageantry," but suggested a review of the Civil List vote every ten years. He also wanted to reduce the allowance to be given to the young Duke of Cornwall during his minority. But the House negatived all these proposals and the List went through as recommended.



"News must be pretty bad to-day."

at the PLAY

The Innocents (HER MAJESTY'S)—*The Bride of Denmark Hill* (ROYAL COURT THEATRE CLUB)

IT is a telling comment on the ways of the theatre that Mr. ALLAN TURPIN's "The Turn of the Screw" has not been heard of since its brief season at the Arts six years ago, while Mr. WILLIAM ARCHIBALD's *The Innocents*, also based on Henry James' story, has gripped America and is now, one guesses, all set for a long run in London. This is not to decry *The Innocents*. As a psychic thriller it strongly affects the behaviour of the small hairs of the neck, it is extremely well acted, and Mr. PETER GLENVILLE's production makes a complete spook symphony. In short, it is a highly skilful piece of theatre that does everything except convey the point of one of the most tremendous stories ever written, which was to take us so near the brink of unimaginable evil that we felt another step would plunge us, ourselves, into the inferno. Mr. TURPIN's play had its faults, but it

was wonderfully true—truer than I could have believed possible—to the spirit of James. Mr. ARCHIBALD's horrors are compelling, but on a lower level, electrifying the spine rather than the imagination. His house is Borley Rectory, not Bly. *Loss* is done with music; the ghosts are solid, and therefore *Quint* seems only a sub-agent of Satan; and the children, instead of presenting their dark compact in ghastly contrast to their own simplicity and charm, are knowing and coolly insolent.

Even so, if this is not James it makes a powerful substitute. Miss FLORA ROBSON wrings every ounce of drama from the new governess's appalled discovery of the dead *Quint*'s demonic influence on her charges; and the agony of mind in which she drives *Miles* to face his tormentor and find peace in death is conveyed superbly. The two children have quite unusual authority and confidence. Master JEREMY SPENSER has to play an odious little man of the world, and does it with the control of a seasoned actor. The same may be said of Miss CAROL WOLVERIDGE, whose *Flora*, a deeply cunning Victorian minx, is like a Macchiavellian doll. And Miss BARBARA EVEREST is entirely at home as nice *Mrs. Grose*, the housekeeper.

Mr. GLENVILLE's production is faultless (how he must have worked on the children!). The brilliant arrangements of lighting, on which many of the effects depend, are due partly to him and partly to Mr. JO MIELZINER, whose set is haunted in the third degree. I wouldn't walk up his twisting staircase for a thousand pounds.

Most welcome phoenix, the Court Theatre re-opens modestly with *The Bride of Denmark Hill*, a play about Ruskin's non-marriage to Effie Gray, by Mr. LAWRENCE WILLIAMS and Miss NELL O'DAY. In spite of its very slow beginning, I rather enjoyed it for its commentary on the

dark side of Victorian family life and for the quiet excitements of the last act. It shows Ruskin as an insufferable prig, as he sometimes was, spoon-fed by an insanely ambitious mother and insulated against adult life by the obliging capital of his father; and yet single-minded about art. Mr. ANDREW OSBORN plays him well, and Miss BARBARA MURRAY wholly enlists our sympathy for Effie. Thank goodness, *Millais* rescued her from a household in which the butler drew curtains over the pictures on Saturday night. It is hard to believe that Mrs. Ruskin can have been so coldly evil as Miss DOBOTHY GREEN makes out in a most sinister performance. Miss ELLEN POLLOCK brings a breath of fresh air as *Lady Eastlake*, and another lifeline to sanity is Mr. CLEMENT MCCALLAN's *Millais*.



(*The Innocents*)

Flora—MISS CAROL WOLVERIDGE
Miss Giddens—MISS FLORA ROBSON
Miles—MASTER JEREMY SPENSER



(*The Bride of Denmark Hill*)
John Ruskin—MR. ANDREW OSBORN

Recommended

The Millionairess (New), weak Shaw galvanized by Katharine Hepburn. *Under the Sycamore Tree* (Aldwych), ant satire in which Alec Guinness shines. *Dial "M" for Murder* (Westminster) for intelligent crime.

ERIC KROWN

at the PICTURES

Carrie—Untamed Frontier

ADAPTED from Dreiser's novel, *Carrie* (Director: WILLIAM WYLER) runs for two hours on a note of almost unmodulated sadness. The theme, in Carrie's own phrase, is that "when you're poor

script, acute direction and fine acting raise it somewhat higher. JENNIFER JONES gives Carrie exactly the right balance between simplicity and ambition, though she seems too nice a girl to have got "mixed up"



George Hurstwood—SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER

Mr. Allan—RAY TEAL

it gets all mixed up; you like the people who are good to you." Carrie comes to Chicago at sixteen, and almost at once Charlie Drouet, a salesman, is sufficiently good to her to install her in a flat with promises of marriage. During Charlie's absence on the road, however, George Hurstwood is rather better; but as he is a mature and prosperous man with a socially ambitious wife the affair soon leads to disaster from which he never retrieves himself. Since George is played, and sympathetically, by Sir LAURENCE OLIVIER, he is evidently intended to be to some extent an object of pity, the man who gives up all for love; but his behaviour is spineless and unscrupulous throughout, and when at the end, after Carrie has left him and begun a promising career on the stage, he appears as a shambling, unshaven derelict it is hard to raise an atom of feeling for him. Indeed, by contrast, the plain honest immorality of Charlie shines almost with the hard, white light of virtue. Perhaps Dreiser intended Carrie to be less innocent than she is here.

This might have been a conventionally melodramatic tale of sin and atonement; but an intelligent

so easily. To his creation of George, Sir LAURENCE OLIVIER brings the charm of the shop-walker, the tenderness of the stage-door Johnnie and the dignity of the barragoballoon, compounding them into a character real enough to be intensely unlikeable; while EDDIE ALBERT, with his brash manners, three rings and engraved visiting-cards, is the archetype of all the salesmen of the period (which is the early 1900s). Among the small parts—all well done—RAY TEAL's smiling, insatiable detective is a jewel.

Untamed Frontier (Director: HUGO FRECONESE) is for the connoisseur of Westerns. It concerns the attempts of a proud and powerful Texas family ("Why, Camilla, what would a Denbow want with friends?") to keep the Eastern "homesteaders" off a vast tract of

Government grazing which they need for their own herds. The weak link in the Denbow chain is idle, pleasure-loving Glenn (SCOTT BRADY), who is in town shooting a man one night when he should have been out guarding the range, and is therefore compelled to marry Jane (SHELLEY WINTERS), the only witness of the crime, to prevent her from testifying against him. Fortunately there is also a good, democratic Denbow to hand, Cousin Kirk (JOSEPH COTTEN); and by the time the plot has spun its conventional convolutions it is he that is married to Jane, Glenn is dead, and the homesteaders have been allowed to cross the Denbow territory to the free land. The plot of a Western is no more than the plate under a grilled steak, anyway; it holds it up and keeps it tidy while we feed on the red-blooded fibres of shooting and riding and branding and stampeding in a Technicolor Texas landscape. In this instance there is some very tolerable acting on the side.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In *I'll See You In My Dreams*, Danny Thomas plays Gus Kahn (whom the script allows little discernible talent and less charm) on his way to becoming—with what seems to be a minimum of effort—a successful "lyricist." Seventeen songs with Kahn lyrics, and Doris Day. Recommended releases include *Wait 'Til the Sun Shines*, Nellie (18/6/52), an unpretentious but well-directed Technicolor job, and *Diplomatic Courier* (2/7/52), an above-average thriller. B. A. YOUNG



(Untamed Frontier)

Texas Derby



Soapbox and Distaff

Rose and Crown. Sean O'Casey. Macmillan, 21/-.

As the Sailor Loves the Sea. Mrs. Ballard Hadman. Heinemann, 15/-.

Ambassador's Wife. Elisabetta Cerruti. Allen and Unwin, 18/-.

My Hill So Strong. Jean Kingdon-Ward. Jonathan Cape, 15/-.

Adventures of a Botanist's Wife. Eleanor Bor. Hurst and Blackett, 16/-.

MR. SEAN O'CASEY goes on shouting that he doesn't care a damn what anyone thinks of him, but almost every page of the fifth volume of his autobiography proves that he cares a great deal. *Rose and Crown* is a thundering tirade from a Dublin soapbox against all those who have declined to take at his own valuation a man who collects grievances as others collect stamps. Often the language is magnificent, but the mind it reflects is muddled. Had he not arrived in London in the 'twenties (when this volume begins) and been outraged by their surface frivolities, he might have gained a cooler impression of English life. As it was, the upper classes dined off gold plate and still contrived to grind the faces of the workers, while the workers only waited for the glorious revolution that would join them hand-in-hand with the ecstatic brotherhood of Moscow. For this sentimental rebel, to whom the Welfare State is apparently so much cold mutton, the war had spectacular results: "The deluge came later, when the bright pavilions came tumbling down, to be swept away in the swirling surge of war, leaving the Tories to find political homes in barns, or slumber, bruised, on the benches in the parks." Dramatic recruits to the sights of London! Perhaps Mr. O'Casey's pathological misunderstanding of the English is best summed up in his opinion that "Journey's End" was a piece of false effrontery—"all the mighty, bloodied vulgarity of war foreshortened into a petty, pleasing picture."

The pull between the drum-beater and the artist was often fatal to his balance. In America the architectural fruits of capitalism delighted him, as did the American way of life; in the big English houses, whose hospitality he appeared not unwilling to accept, his satisfaction at their dwindling finances was matched by his æsthetic pleasure in their interiors. But in spite of the searing bitterness that pervades this book, driving him to rail at the churches for their opposition to his plays, at the Abbey Theatre for its timidity, and (in many dismal pages) at a convent school that refused to lower its fees for his son, there are fine passages of description and some less bilious judgments of the many notable people he met. He is at his most sympathetic in his treatment of Yeats. His oddest conversation was with Stanley Baldwin, who became so dazed by an interminable harangue on English

Booking Office



crimes in Ireland that he looked at his pipe "as if he was wondering was it really his."

Of a sudden spate of books by wives writing of their share in their husband's jobs the most unusual is Mrs. Ballard Hadman's racy *As the Sailor Loves the Sea*. A painter married to an Alaskan fisherman, her life is tough and dangerous and she enjoys it. Trolling for salmon in tide-rips from a motor-boat is no picnic, but afterwards there is the warm companionship of a small close-knit community; and always the changing beauty of Alaska, to which the artist in Mrs. Hadman is keenly alive, both with pen and pencil.

An intelligent woman's viewpoint on state affairs makes good reading. In *Ambassador's Wife* Signora Elisabetta Cerruti, a Hungarian actress married to an Italian diplomat, deals with her adventures in Peking, Moscow, Paris, Rome, and in Berlin during the critical years between 1932 and 1935. She knew and hated most of the Nazi leaders, and her lively close-ups of their ineptitude are valuable additions to a sorry file.

Finally, the wives of two botanists working in different corners of Assam give us exciting accounts of this deceptively hazardous occupation. In *My Hill So Strong* Mrs. Jean Kingdon-Ward tells of an expedition into Tibet and through an outcasted earthquake, while in *Adventures of a Botanist's Wife* Mrs. Eleanor Bor describes the testing life of a political officer who hunted plants as well as murderers.

ERIC KNOWS

Moroccan Journal. Rom Landau. Hale, 18/-.

On his return from his latest visit to Morocco Mr. Rom Landau used the daily entries in his *Moroccan Journal* as material for an uncommonly informative and readable account of Berber life and customs as well as of the complicated national and international Moroccan problem. A trained political observer and an authority on Islamic affairs, Mr. Landau does not conceal his Berberophil sympathies any more than he denies or decries France's great civilizing achievement. True, he asks whether the French have not "merely replaced one kind of oppression"—that of the sultans



and pashas—"by another, a more subtle, a less conspicuous one!" Shrewd though they often are, Mr. Landau's political comments have not seldom been outdated by the kaleidoscopic swiftness with which the Moroccan and the international political scene changes. But his admirable and understanding descriptions of Moorish customs, superstitions, and indeed of Moorish life in all its variegated aspects, have the quality of permanence characteristic of the Moorish civilization that lies changeless beneath the evanescent spray of political bickerings. Perhaps Mr. Landau's pen when dipped in non-political ink will yet write the book on Morocco that still has to be written. I. F. D. M.

Diaries 1912-1924. Beatrice Webb. Edited by Margaret Cole. Longmans, 24/-.

No day-to-day record covering the first world war could owe less than this to the actual story of moving events. The writer is hardly more affected by the grim business on the Continent than Jane Austen by the campaigns of Napoleon, while even the unexpected turns of home politics observed at close quarters in innumerable committees and conferences do little to ruffle her curious air of inner detachment. This instalment ends with her Sidney, for whom her faintly condescending devotion never fails, entering the first Labour Government at a time when all her own professed desire is to achieve a studious retirement in the country. None the less her pungent epigrammatic snapshots of political leaders are great fun and there is unique quality in her gradually accumulated portrait of Beatrice Webb—the lady who thanks whatever gods there be that she is not as others. Too subtle to be called supercilious, too honest to be described as hypocritical, she rests, a little wearily, in the quiet satisfaction that in herself is the one and only way.

C. C. P.



The Golden Hand. Edith Simon. Cassell, 12/6

The interest of the historical novel is founded in the last resort upon our common humanity; and because Mrs. Simon's *East Anglian saga* spans the last fifty-three years of Chaucer's life it is inevitable that his well-balanced world with its ordinary Christian vices and virtues should inspire distrust of a story that revels in the abnormal. The mysterious discovery of a relic and the building of a cathedral to house it are treated as part of the fever and the fret of the age that produced the Black Death. Yet the book has a vast background of research; and its dialogue avoids mock medievalism and intrusive modernity. An American reviewer—the English edition was preceded by an American one—acclaims the Scott touch in a novel that strikes one as deliberately unromantic. He might compare the witch who plays a dominant part here to the immortal beldames of "Lammermoor" who play a very short one—and think again. R. P. E.

SHORTER NOTES

Introducing the Universe. James C. Hickey. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 10/6. The author's avowed intention in compiling this book is to put those only nobly acquainted with the stars on nodding terms with Time, Space, and the Universe. This he succeeds in doing without patronizing either his readers or the Cosmos. If the reader feels that the introduction is somewhat garbled he may yet be inclined to pursue the acquaintance further himself.

The Face of London. Harold P. Clunn. *Phoenix House*, 30/-. Revised, enlarged (post-blitz) edition of this exhaustive catalogue *raisonnée* of London's buildings, streets and riverside over a century and a half—Inner and Greater London, the suburbs and, for good measure, the dormitory towns. Covered in twenty-five personally conducted walks and four coach rides—sound device for administering fact in light doses. Two hundred informative illustrations.

In Sun and Shadow. Denis Compton. *Stanley Paul*, 13/6. Lively account of the 1950-51 tour of Australia and New Zealand. The truth about "the knee," the cut eyebrow and the row of small scars; interesting suggestions for reform of Anglo-Australian cricket. Fine illustrations.

Education in Britain Since 1900. S. J. Curtis. 20th Century Histories. *Duckers*, 18/-. This book is not about education at all but about educational administration. A very clear and detailed guide to the various Acts and Circulars with chapters on education in Scotland and in the Forces. Occasional references to teaching suggest that the author accepts what was best in the movements of a quarter of a century ago without feeling much interest in later developments. As usual, the training, selection and supervision of headmasters, one of the main problems, is ignored. The account of the position of private schools overstates the effectiveness of compulsory inspection.

The Ape in Our House. Cathy Hayes. *Gollancz*, 12/6. How would an ape develop if it were brought up exactly like a human child? Would it, for instance, learn to talk? This record of just such an experiment provides the fascinating answers in a nice blend of scientific interest and human curiosity.

My Uncle Joe. Budu Svanidze. *Heinemann*, 10/6. Stalin's nephew spreads his uncle thin, over forty-two chapters, none providing a real mouthful. Included is a two-hundred-and-fifty-word speech of the great man's, recollected verbatim from the author's early boyhood, and a multitude of footnotes explaining (e.g.) that *Vacha* is Russian for "Hurrah!"

Aunt Clara. Noel Streetfield. *Collins*, 10/6. An old rous cuts scheming relatives out of his will, but leaves his delightful maiden niece responsible for a public house, "dogs," racehorses, two circus children, and some ageing relics of easy virtue. Aunt Clara and the ex-valet are great characters, and the author shows her usual adroitness and humanity.

THE EYELET FORMULAE

THE publication this week of a biography of Eustace Eyelet is most timely, coming as it does within a month of the centenary of his birth. Though the public know little of him—beyond having the mistaken impression that he invented the lace-holes in shoes that were certainly named after him—it may be safely said that Eyelet left a deeper impression on English life at what might be called the basement level than any man in the past couple of centuries.

For Eyelet it was who produced the famous Eyelet Formulae which, save for one, remain almost as far beyond the comprehension of the layman as those connected with atomic research. Mr. Cedric Pamper in his biography of the man, "Formulae Afoot" (Sole and Flounder, 21/-), says: "No one who has borne home a new pair of shoes and tried to fathom the system by which the assistant has laced them can doubt the quality of the mind that evolved the formulae. The world cannot soon produce a mind to comprehend them."

"We must not, however, allow the esoteric nature of his work to lead us to forget the social effects it had. It is to such men as Eyelet that the Common Man owes his cherished century."

Family papers, diaries and the memories of those who knew Eyelet have yielded a rich store of fact which Mr. Pamper has coaxed into life. He tells how young Eyelet, at the age of ten, watched his father, a stern man, lacing up his boots:

"The boy sat silent on his stool, his dark eyes brooding on the deliberate movements of his august parent. Then:

"That, papa," said Eustace, 'is commonplace."

"The lad had forgotten that the age was still Victorian. So terrible was his father's wrath that Eustace did not venture again into his presence for three weeks. When, at last, he crept into the parlour behind the parlourmaid, his father gazed at him sternly.



"What is?" demanded the elder Eyelet.

"That way of lacing up boots, papa," whispered Eustace.

"His father looked down at his feet, encased in boots cross-laced in the only fashion then known.

"Why," he said, with wonder in his voice, 'so it is. You are a thoughtful lad and I'm sorry I beat you. Here—I shall unlace my boots now, though it is three hours early. And you, my son, shall watch.'"

This fundamentally just man henceforward encouraged Eustace to ponder as much as possible. The

lacing and unlacing of the boots became an occasion. The father's movements were deliberate and unhurried as he kept his eyes fixed on his son, who sat watching and occasionally making notes.

Young Eyelet was eighteen when he produced his first formula. As we now see it, this should have shaken the world of boot-lacing to its foundations. For it made possible lacing "in parallel." Compared with what came later of course it was laughably simple and was, at a later date, adopted by the Army. But to a world cross-laced by

custom and tradition it was bizarre. Young Eyelet hawked his idea from shoe-shop to shoe-shop, meeting only insult and ridicule. Until, one day, an assistant helped him out of the bottom shelf into which a haughty manager had flung him and asked what he was trying to sell.

In those days the life of a shoe-shop assistant was hard. He earned twelve-and-sixpence a week and was expected to scrub the floor every night, providing his own soap. Eyelet's despairing tale told to that assistant opened up a new world for a downtrodden class. After considerable effort the assistant—his name, alas, has not come down to us—learned the formula and applied it.

Came the day when a customer returned with a pair of boots and demanded of the manager: "How the devil are these things laced up, then, hey?"

The manager was baffled. Angrily he summoned the assistant

and, after cuffing him, told him he was dismissed. But the customer interposed.

"Dismiss that man," he thundered, "and I never buy a pair of boots from you again."

The customer was Disraeli.

Eyelet's Formula spread like wildfire through the London shoe-shops. Managers were baffled. Assistants toiled into the small hours to master the instructions and symbols passed to them scribbled on pieces of shoe-box cardboard that were swallowed as soon as the secret was clear. Led by Disraeli, customers demanded parallel lacing.

The assistants now held the upper hand. Managements were forced to make concessions: to provide soap for the floors, to raise wages to fourteen-and-six.

A special research committee set up by the proprietors eventually stumbled on the secret of the formula. Their triumph was short-lived, however. For Eyelet had not

been idle. He had produced no fewer than five new formulae...

Mr. Pamper tells how, with the years, the formulae devised by Eyelet grew more subtle, shoe-shop assistants bolder. Thanks to Eyelet, your assistant now looks the manager in the eye, is seldom, if ever, cuffed, and neither knows nor cares who scrubs the shop. The secrets of the formulae—Eyelet produced a dozen—remain secrets still.

The fruits of Eyelet's labours are about to wither at last. The strapped shoe is with us, and the time may come when the words "Eyelet-hole" and "shoelace" will be merely scholars' playthings. Mr. Pamper's book ensures that one flower, at least, will bloom among the dust.

S S

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THE METAL BOX COMPANY LIMITED

REVIEW BY THE CHAIRMAN—SIR ROBERT BARLOW



The thirty-first annual general meeting of The Metal Box Company Limited will be held on July 16 at the May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Square, London, W. Sir Robert Barlow, the Chairman, will preside. The following is an extract from his statement, which has been circulated with the reports and accounts for the year ended March 31, 1932.

Sales and income from investments have risen during the year—

At home	From £21,037,900 to £26,529,000
Overseas	From £7,272,000 to £9,894,000
	£28,309,900 £36,423,000

The profits of the Group have risen, after taxation, to £1,515,000 or 4·2 per cent. on sales. This greater activity has served to provide some 17,000 employees of the Company at home with an additional 1664,000 in wages, salaries and other benefits, bringing the total to £5,612,000. The State will take in additional taxation £271,000, bringing its share to £1,797,500. The 8,500 stockholders of the Home Company will receive an additional £42,500, making their total £31,563.

Of the profits, £752,000 will be retained in the Home Company and £212,000 in the Overseas Group. These sums, though substantial, are inadequate for the requirements of the business. Permission having been obtained from the Capital Issues Committee, an issue of a further 903,192 Ordinary Shares at £2 per share was made on the 14th June, 1932.

The issue will provide about £1,775,000 new money. The fact that this is almost the same as the amount paid out in taxation this year is merely coincidental—though it does emphasize the harmful effect on industry of taxation at its present level.

The position has now been reached where the more rapidly a business is developed, the harder it is in his by taxation. This is not the way to build up our industrial power in an increasingly competitive world.

TINPLATE

The supply of tinplate has not improved during the year and the restrictions on its use are still in operation, yet the growth of our business has continued. This has been due to the Management making better use of what it could get, in adapting substitute materials and in spreading its activities.

It is true that since the turn of the year production has begun at the Trostre mill of The Steel Company of Wales, and is beginning to ease the position. But, as I pointed out in this review a year ago, this new mill cannot replace the production of the existing old-type mills. These must be kept in operation, certainly until such time as other mills of the capacity of Trostre have been installed.

I believe that the necessity for more new mills is no longer a subject for debate. It seems agreed that they are needed, and it is inevitable indeed that political vicissitudes and expediencies should thus impinge upon an industrial and commercial development so valuable and strategically important to the British Commonwealth and so vital to improved standards of living in many parts of the world.

PRODUCTION

Improvements and additions to our means of production at home have been continued during the year at a cost of £1,350,000 and we are already committed to a further expenditure of £850,000. As a result of the intensive work of the post-war years, there can be no doubt that the Company's production facilities are now in the first rank.

During the year the rebuilding of the Paper Products Group factory at Southwark and extensive additions to our Neath Components factory have been completed.

SALES

The problems of production and material supply have loomed so large for so long that it is a relief and a stimulant to focus attention again on the prospect of selling our goods.

I am glad to say that this is no longer so easy as it was. I am glad because it is healthier so. In many directions there has been a recession of demand. Overseas markets are much more difficult to expand or even hold. This is a condition which we have for some time anticipated and for which we are therefore in some degree prepared.

MACHINERY BUILDING

The demand for the large range of specialized machinery which we build, a demand which steadily exceeds a value of £800,000 a year, has grown at such a rate that we purchased in March a household factory and engineering plant at Cwmely.

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONSHIPS

At the end of the year the total number of employees in the Home Company was 17,384, of whom 2,609 were part-time workers.

The Company continues to pay the closest attention to training and education. Our apprentice training facilities are being steadily extended and further arrangements have been made for the education of juveniles.

The policy of "promotion from within" has been followed wherever possible within the Home Company and eight appointments have been filled in our Overseas factories from the Home Company during the year.

Our Works Committees have again fulfilled their role of maintaining a valuable link between management and workers.

Complete copies are available on request from the Secretary, The Metal Box Co., Ltd., The Langham, Portland Place, London, W.1.

"THE COMPANY'S PRODUCTION FACILITIES ARE NOW IN THE FIRST RANK"

"OVERSEAS MARKETS ARE MUCH MORE DIFFICULT TO HOLD"

"THE COMPANY CONTINUES TO PAY THE CLOSEST ATTENTION TO TRAINING & EDUCATION"

"INDUSTRIAL RELATIONSHIPS - A VALUABLE LINK BETWEEN MANAGEMENT & WORKERS"

The photographs reproduced here were taken at the Company Sports—Acton, 1931.

BRITAIN'S HERITAGE—QUALITY



W. Shakespeare



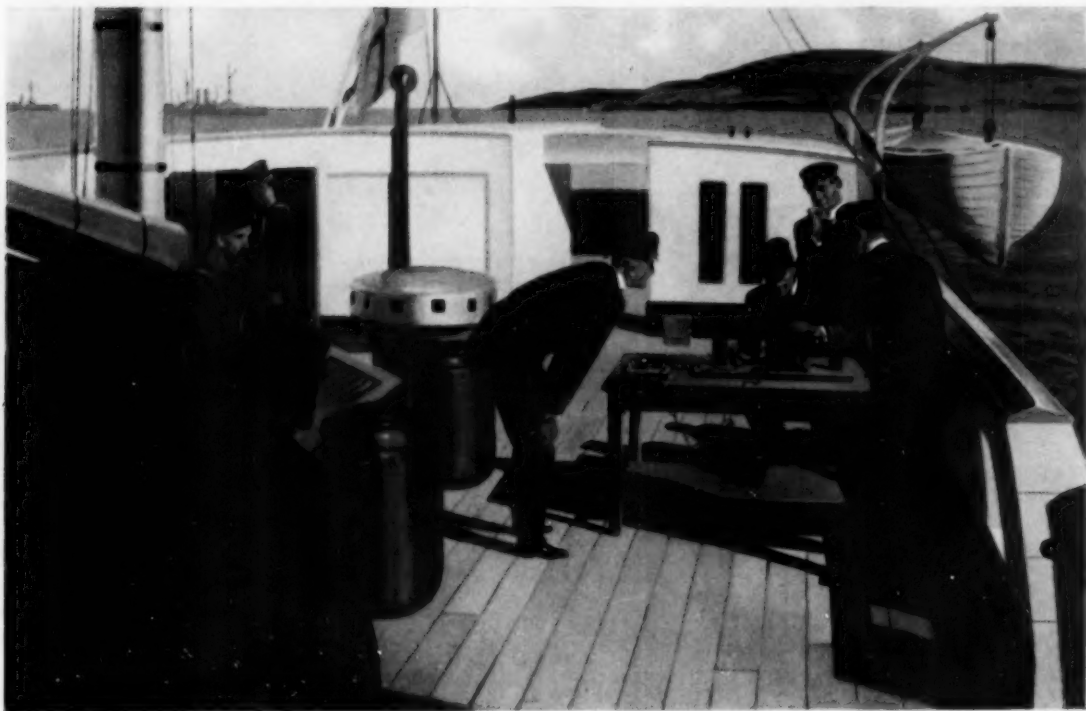
WHEN Shakespeare wrote his timeless plays, English literature was suddenly enriched. His genius will speak for many generations to come, and for many occasions. In a country prolific in great writers, he was the greatest of them all. The soil which fostered the great Bard fostered other talents in many other fields. In these, too, quality came to be the one standard by which things were judged. Today, in art, science and industry, the same ideal of quality still lives; the same high standard is the mark of continued public acceptance and approbation.

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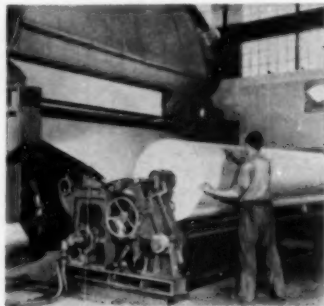


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The tempo of modern life has certainly quickened since 1895, when Albert E. Reed first developed the production of super-calendered newsprint. In the reclaimed straw paper mill he had acquired the previous year, his first machines produced but six cwt. of paper an hour. Compare with this the six tons an hour reeled off the modern high-speed machines in the great Aylesford mills of the Reed Paper Group — their continually-expanding production including newsprint, kraft and tissue papers. For to-day the Reed Paper Group with its great resources and technical experience is one of the largest paper-making organisations in the world.



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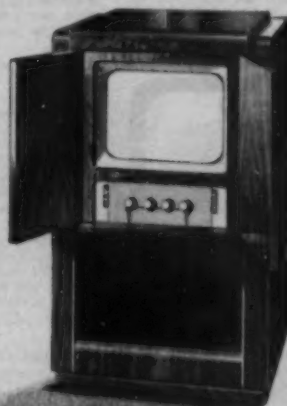
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more of this constipation I get, and I'll never look another cathode ray tube in the face."

"A tube can cause a lot of trouble," I said.

"What's your line?" marled Willie. "The tube I mean," I said, "is the one you have behind your dinner jacket. 30 feet of it, and everything you eat has to make its way round its coils and circuits. Your intestinal muscles, which pull it through, can't get a grip on the soft, starchy food we send down nowadays, and they stop working properly."

"What happens then?" asked Willie.

"A break in transmission," I said, "caused by a technical clove-hitch. In layman's language, you're constipated, and your life gets out of phase. The thing for you," I said, "is bulk."

"How do I take it?" asked Willie.

"You don't," I said, "you get it by having All-Bran for breakfast. All-Bran's scrumptious, and it gives your muscles bulk to work on. It'll make you 'regular' in no time at all."

"It'd better," humphed Willie.

It did too. The next time I saw Willie, he was in full colour, with a face that launched a thousand quips. "So you take a different view of things now, do you?" I chaffed him. "Yes, yes and yes!" chirruped Willie. "I feel marvellous. That amazing All-Bran's made me as 'regular' as the News!"

"Sh!" I said. "No advertising."

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Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellgro's All-Bran gives your system "bulk" to prevent constipation. All-Bran's "bulk" enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to sweep and clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast, or in buns or cakes. All grocers have it.

The and the

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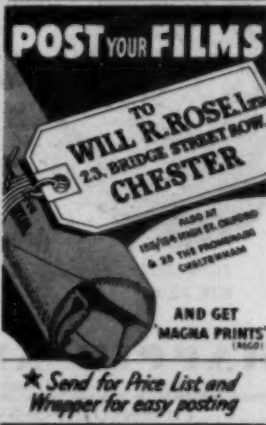
THERE'S ALWAYS A PLACE
in a man's heart for a KING
BIX CIGAR (1/9d each)



BOTTLED VINEGAR
is best for
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and this is the
BEST BOTTLED VINEGAR



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 "And there are fewer and fewer of them. Modern cars don't encourage the breed."
 "There's always the Riley" piped up the young engineer.
 "That just proves my point" said the Colonel. "The Riley is still an individually built car. It's a car that rewards a good driver. That's why you'll find the man in the Riley is pretty well always a cut above the rest in driving skill."

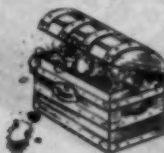
Yes, indeed!



2½ litre Saloon. 1½ litre Saloon.

RILEY MOTORS LIMITED, Sales Division, COWLEY, OXFORD. London Showrooms: "RILEY CARS", 55-56 Pall Mall, S.W.1.
 Overseas Business: Haffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Treasure Hunt



It is not surprising, with so many people treasure-hunting for fine knitwear, that you may have a deal of searching to do for a Barrie creation. These beautiful garments are, of course, the natural choice of men and women whose possessions reflect their appreciation of good things. As with all such treasures, Barrie knitwear is expensive, for only the finest Cashmere, Shetland, and real Lambswool are used in the Barrie mills, and the best is rarely the cheapest. Into each of these goes the traditional skill of Hawick craftsmen — skilled hands attending tiny details. While people everywhere continue to demand more of the best in knitwear, it is regretted that some supplies must remain limited. But worry not, Aladdin may smile upon you in your treasure hunt.



Jolly Roger's clue: Hunt only in the better shops and stores for Barrie garments.

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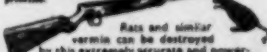
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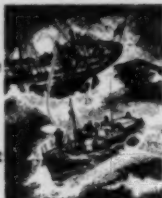
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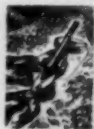


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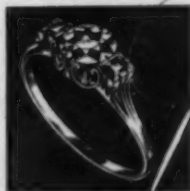


The famous Jane Seymour Cup made by Holbein for Henry VIII about 1536-7. It bears Jane Seymour's motto 'Bound to Obey and Serve'. The cup itself is known to have been still in the Royal collection at the time of Charles the First's accession in 1625.

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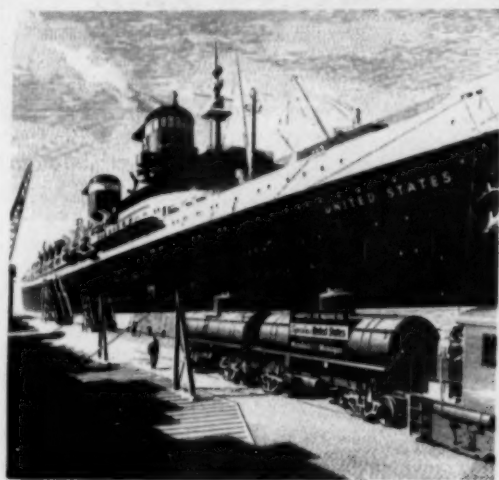
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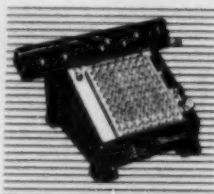
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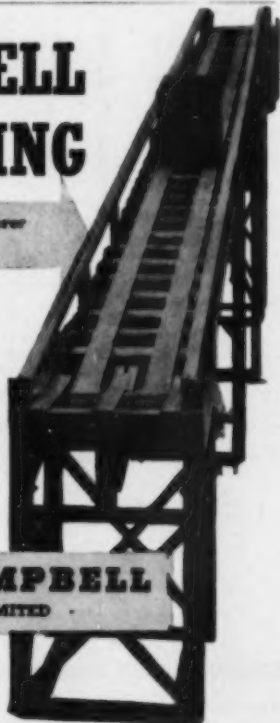
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